

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

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No. 79.—VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1870.

PRICE TEN CENTS.
WITH SUPPLEMENT.



THE FIRST WAGES.

FROM A PAINTING BY CASTAN.

THE PAINTER'S DREAM.

III.

In one of the most remote and wildly-picturesque of the extreme western counties of North Carolina, the two young ladies soon found themselves safely domiciled in the house of Mr. George Rivers, and thrown upon their own resources for amusement and entertainment. As far as material comfort went, they found nothing of which to complain; for, although the whim of pitching his tent in the wilderness had seized Mr. Rivers, he had not thought it necessary to leave all the luxuries of civilization behind, and as many as were compatible with a mountain plantation, and a house built of substantial logs, had accompanied him. His wife, too, was one of the women who carry an air of refinement wherever they go; and the hardy little mountaineers who were his children, though free and frolicsome as little kids, were still full of the instinctive courtesy and winning grace of born gentlefolks. On the whole, it was a very smiling and happy home to which the exiles were welcomed; and even Marion thought she had never seen a prettier picture than this log-house, with its many wings and piazzas, its shade-trees and embowering creepers. Around in every direction stretched the grand mountain-ranges, clad in their garments of primeval forest, and before the door of the house swept a limpid mountain-river, sparkling and foaming as it dashed along on its way to join the French Broad not far below. It is creditable to the two girls to say that for a time they were so much enchanted by the exuberant beauty and overflowing vitality of this fair region, and so ready to echo Mr. Rivers's enthusiastic praise of its pure air and life-restoring powers, that they almost forgot the gay social circle they had left behind, the friends, and even the admirers, who were mourning their absence. Whether one of them entirely forgot the lover who was the cause of her banishment, is a matter open to doubt; but at least she did not regret him very effusively, and threw herself with very sincere zest into the simple pleasures of their daily life. Mrs. Rivers, who had feared that she would find a moping, love-sick damsel on her hands, was delighted beyond measure with this bright creature, who took an interest in the cows and calves almost equal to her own; who went on long rambles with the children, coming back laden down with sweet wild flowers, and luscious wild fruits, and who never seemed to think it necessary to revenge herself on her entertainers for the chance which had thrown her into their care.

Still Marion and her friend were mortal young ladies, with all the tastes and desires of their age and class. The view from their new home was very magnificent; but sometimes they could not help feeling that it would be improved if there was even a glimpse to be obtained of another roof, or the smoke of another chimney—if their nearest neighbor had been at all companionable, or had lived with something less than ten miles of mountain-country between them. As it was, they were entirely isolated, and, after they had exhausted all the books and played all the music, they began to find that time hung a little heavy on their hands.

"Nellie," said Marion, after she had yawned five times consecutively one afternoon, "let us call the children and go to walk. I am tired to death of doing nothing, and even scrambling over the rocks will be an occupation."

"I am sure I am willing," said Nellie, lazily. "Only there's a very dark cloud coming up from the south, and I confess I should not like to be caught in one of these mountain-rains. They would sweep us literally away."

"I wonder if anybody would mind that?" said Marion, meditatively. "I wonder if Alston would think I had drowned myself in sheer despair, and if he would commit suicide in consequence? Dear me, Nell, it has been more than a month since we came here! Who would believe it?"

"I, for one," replied Nell, with a shrug. "Without meaning any disrespect to anybody, I have been in more lively places. Suppose we do go out and get swept away, Marion? It would make a sensation at home, and win at least a nine-days' fame for us."

"I am not sure of even the nine-days' fame," said Marion, laughing, and walking to the window. "Look!—see how that cloud is sweeping up. In five minutes the storm will be on us."

In less than five minutes, Mrs. Rivers came hurrying in, and advised that the windows should be closed. "It is no ordinary storm that is coming," she added. "That cloud, and this sudden, dead

calm, mean mischief. Don't stand in the open draught that way, Marion! You have no idea how dangerous it is!"

"I am not afraid," said Marion, and she kept her position, watching with interest the premonitions of coming storm that seemed to seize all Nature. The black, livid cloud, which a few minutes before had been a mere speck on the horizon, now entirely obscured the sunlight, and was spreading rapidly over the sky, overcasting the bright day with grim determination. But as yet all was silent. The trees were hushed, as if spellbound, and the only sound on the air was that of the birds which were flying about and seeking refuge under the eaves of the house, with low, distressed cries. The air was heavy and close, and, involuntarily, Marion gasped for breath. "What a dead hush there is!" she said; and, as she said it, her eyes chanced to fall on two strangers who had crossed the stream in front of the house, and were advancing up the lawn with the evident intention of seeking shelter. They were men, young, stalwart, and dressed in travelling-suits of nondescript material, and yet more nondescript color. But, although the knapsacks which they carried proved that they were foot-travellers, a single glance showed Marion that they belonged to a grade of society rarely represented in that rough region. She turned round to call Mrs. Rivers's attention to them; but, as she did so, there came a vivid flash of dazzling, blinding light, a clap of thunder that shook the house until it quivered, a crash that sounded as if the solid mountains had been rent asunder, and a hurricane of wind that tore through the chamber, filling it with din and uproar, and throwing her prostrate on the floor.

The next thing she heard, even above the tumult of the now raging storm, was a scream from Mrs. Rivers.

"Look!" she cried, "the large oak has been struck by lightning!" Marion sprang to her feet, Nellie rushed forward, and, regardless of danger, they all three clustered and clung around the window. They saw then the meaning of the crash which had sounded so fearfully in their ears a moment before. A gigantic oak just in front of the house had attracted the electric fluid, and its mighty trunk had been literally cleft asunder—one half still standing, but the other portion lying across the lawn, and including in its downfall two or three of the smaller trees, and part of the piazza-roof. A tempest of wind and rain was sweeping by, but still they were able to perceive that a man—only one—was fighting his way to the house, and that Mr. Rivers, with two or three servants, was hurrying out to meet him. When they met, the stranger said a few words in an excited manner, then turned and went back, pausing and steadying himself as well as he could where the boughs of the fallen oak lay wildly tossing about.

"There were two of them," said Marion, with a shudder. "One has been struck."

As she spoke, she saw two of the servants unite their strength in lifting aside one heavy limb of the tree, while Mr. Rivers and the stranger drew an apparently senseless figure from beneath it, and then, in the midst of the whirling, driving storm, they bore it to the house.

The ladies ran down-stairs, and met them in the lower hall. The injured man had been laid down, and a throng of children and servants were about him when they advanced. On one side knelt Mr. Rivers, endeavoring to discover the extent of his injuries, and on the other his companion, feeling his pulse, and anxiously calling his name.

"Vance, Vance," he said, "my dear fellow, are you much hurt?"

Marion and Nellie, who had paused in the background, exchanged glances of commiseration. "Poor fellow," whispered the former, "look how young and handsome he is! He may be only stunned by the fall of the tree, not by the lightning. I wonder if they have tried restoratives.—Aunt Sophie!"

She turned eagerly toward Mrs. Rivers, but Mrs. Rivers had left her side, and was at that moment bending over the stranger. "Salts of ammonia might restore him," she went on, quickly. "I'll go for some.—Wouldn't you, Nell?"

Before Nell could answer, she was gone, speeding away like a deer, and returning in a moment with a small *vinaiorella*. Travers, bending over his friend in an agony of fear and anxiety, was not aware that any one was near him, until a soft hand put something into his own, and a soft voice said:

"Try that. It may restore him."

Mechanically he looked down, and, seeing that it was a smelling-bottle, held it to his friend's nostrils. The salts were strong, and the effect was instantaneous. Lorimer gave a gasp, and his lids lifted—

the eyes opening, as it chanced, full on Marion's face. Every member of the group saw his violent start; but only Travers understood him when he raised his head, crying, "The picture!" and then sank back fainting.

There was a great commotion. In a measure, they were reassured by perceiving that he had not been shocked by electricity; but they soon discovered that one shoulder had been dislocated by the fall of the tree. So he was carried to a chamber, and such remedies applied by Mr. Rivers (who was a very good doctor in an amateur way) as would best insure repose.

"The poor fellow jerked his shoulder—was the reason he fainted," he said. "We must put it in place, and then every thing must be kept quiet."

Putting the shoulder in place was, after some difficulty, accomplished; but keeping every thing quiet was another matter, since the whole household was in a fever of excitement over this unexpected event. Indeed, considering their quiet habits, they had reason enough for excitement. A storm, almost unexampled for violence, was raging; the river was rising rapidly; the old oak was shivered; the piazza-roof was knocked off; one of the horses had been killed by lightning; and two strangers—one of them dying, or next thing to it—were in the house! In all her life, Mrs. Rivers had never had so much trouble to keep the children within even moderate bounds of good behavior. Nor was the excitement restricted to the children. Marion and Nellie shared it in no small degree, and laughingly admitted as much to each other.

"It comes of the life we have been leading," said Miss Forrest, philosophically. "We are in the condition of being 'pleased by a rattle, and tickled with a straw,' in the way of sensations. Not that I think this is either a rattle or a straw. Heavens! what a flash that was! I shall never forget it."

"I shall never forget that poor fellow's face, as he lay insensible," said Marion; "and, when he opened his eyes, he looked at me more strangely than you can imagine. He absolutely might have thought I was a ghost! And, then, his exclamation—did you hear it?"

"Yes. It was a strange thing to say."

"And he said it, looking straight at me, as if I was the picture he meant. When he sank back, I really thought for a moment he was dead."

"I wonder what put a picture in his head?" said Nellie, musingly.

"They are artists," said Mrs. Rivers, who was sitting in the room, not far from the two girls—"they are artists, out on a walking and sketching tour. The one who was uninjured told Mr. Rivers that they were coming here to seek shelter when the storm overtook them."

"Yes," said Marion; "I saw them. I had just turned round to tell you, when the flash came, and put every thing else out of my head. The poor fellow who is hurt was well and strong then. How sad it seems!"

"It would seem much more sad if he was dead," said the matter-of-fact Nellie. "As it is, I hope he is not much hurt. Mr. Rivers says not.—Oh, Tom, I am so glad to see that!"

She broke off in this way, as a little darkey came in with his arms full of light-wood knots, and began piling them up in the empty fireplace. After he had erected his edifice, one stroke of a match set fire to it, and in a moment a light, sparkling blaze was filling the room with ruddy cheer. The ladies gathered round eagerly—even in midsummer a heavy mountain-rain leaves the atmosphere unpleasantly cold—and they were grouped together, laughing and talking, when Mr. Rivers, accompanied by Travers, entered. Both gentlemen thought it a pleasant scene; but the young artist was especially charmed, the more so in consideration of his long exile from any thing which bore even the faintest stamp of such refinement as was plainly to be seen here. He looked at the room with its graceful furniture and pictures, its open piano and books, and at the ladies in their elegant dresses and glossy coronals of hair. Then he turned to Mr. Rivers, saying, in a tone the sincerity of which could not be doubted:

"If poor Lorimer were only well, how much he would enjoy this!"

The ladies overheard the remark, and looked at each other with a smile. Every one liked him the better for this frank unselfishness, this quick remembrance of his friend where many a man

would only have thought of himself. And, when he came forward and was presented to them, they gave him such a warm and cordial welcome as Carolinians like to think that only they know how to give. They soon found that he was a thorough-bred gentleman; and, when once the ice of first acquaintance was thawed, they enjoyed his society as much as, or more than, he did theirs. He was a genial companion, and it was a very pleasant evening which ensued. In the studios of Düsseldorf, his talent as a *raconteur* had been fully appreciated; so it was no wonder that they enjoyed the history of his adventures, and the more because, by a few happy touches, he always took care to throw the chief glory of his narrative on poor, wounded Vance. Then, at their request, he brought out his sketch-book; and, by the time its contents were sufficiently admired, the usual hour of retiring had long since passed, and it was time to say "Good-night." It was said, therefore, with many compliments on both sides, many wishes for the injured gentleman's speedy recovery, and many laughing congratulations that the storm had blown such a pleasant visitor within their doors. Marion and Nellie congratulated each other warmly on this fact when they were in their chamber, and said that a thing more charming could not possibly have occurred. Of course, if they had been at home, it would have seemed a matter of small importance; but, out in the depths of the wild woods, a pedestrian artist, who was also a polished gentleman, was a *raye aris* not to be despised. Then they talked of his companion, and wondered if he would soon be well, and if he would tell them then what he meant by that strange exclamation. They could not forget about this, but went on marvelling over it, and exhausting imagination in conjectures. It was a pity they had not been the possessors of Hassan's invisible cap; for, if they could only have entered the room of the strangers, and heard a conversation then in progress, their curiosity would have been gratified. Lorimer was wide awake, and, after Mr. Rivers had, with many directions and good wishes, left the room, he addressed himself eagerly to his friend:

"Well, Franzerl, what is she like?"

"Amazingly like the picture," Travers answered; "yet not so much like as to justify your fainting away, Vance."

"It was the shoulder made me faint," said Vance. "Confound the thing—how it did hurt! But, Frank, I never was more astonished in my life than when I opened my eyes on that face—the very face of my dream. It sent a thrill through me as if I had seen a ghost."

"You looked as if you had," said Frank, dryly.

"Did anybody notice it? Did they ask you about it?"

"They must have noticed it; but they are too well-bred to ask about it. I never saw more cultivated people, Vance. And yet they are buried here among crackers and rattlesnakes. Isn't it a strange taste?"

"They love man less and Nature more than most of us do," said Vance. "But that face! It haunts me; I cannot get over the shock the first sight of it gave me. Frank, do you think I have been brought here to meet her?"

"To get your shoulder dislocated, more likely. Nonsense, Vance! She resembles your picture, but in no extraordinary degree. The same general cast of feature, the same eyes and hair—that is all. Your fancy has done the rest."

"My fancy has done nothing," said Vance, decidedly. "I tell you it is the very face of my dream! It has a different expression—that is all the change. Frank, you cannot imagine how strangely it has made me feel."

"No," said Frank, shortly; "but I can imagine that it will put you in a fever, if you go on at this rate. Deuce take the picture, and every thing connected with it! Do stop talking, and go to sleep. There's an opiate here the old gentleman said I was to give you if you didn't. On my honor, Vance, you'll find, when you see the girl, that there is no such astonishing likeness. She is charming, however, and the other one—there is another one, you know—even more so. You had better get well, and make their acquaintance; and you won't get well, if you don't stop talking."

"It is she!" said Vance.

But he spoke softly, as if to himself, and after that he lay quite still. Perhaps Travers's last remonstrance had some effect, for he said no more, and before very long sunk to sleep. In an hour or two he woke suddenly, with a gasp and a start.

More vividly than ever before, the dream had come to him.

IV.

The next morning Mr. Rivers found his patient in a very feverish and unfavorable condition. The shoulder was worse instead of better, the bruises were exceedingly painful, the pulse was racing along at a more rapid rate than promised well for physical good, and, on the whole, he thought it necessary to issue an immediate order for close confinement and medical treatment. Vance rebelled a little at first, but was brought to terms by Mrs. Rivers, whose bright face and gentle voice worked such a magical transformation the moment she entered his room, that he succumbed at once into her hands, and yielded himself captive without even a desire for rescue. She was light in her rule, however, and only made him keep quiet, leaving the medical question entirely to her husband, and providing, on her part, dainty invalid dishes and invalid amusement. Vance was charmed, and, if it had not been for that face, of which he had only caught a glimpse—that strange, beautiful, haunting face that had so often shone on him in his dream—he would have asked nothing better than to play invalid in this pleasant, airy chamber, with such a glorious mountain view through the window near at hand, and such a sweet-faced, silver-voiced nurse to redeem even sickness from being dull.

This enjoyment was not of long duration, however. On the third day he was emancipated from durance, and suffered to make one of the group who with books and work were gathered on the shady lawn not far from the spot where he had been struck down. In three days Travers had managed to make himself thoroughly at home; and Vance, who knew his free-and-easy ways, was not surprised when he came out with Mrs. Rivers, and found him reading aloud to the young ladies, as if he had known them for months instead of days. Vance himself had none of this genial ease about him. He was, if any thing, a more polished gentleman than his friend, more full of in-born, stately graces, more keenly alive to shades of social courtesy, more full of social tact, but he lacked almost entirely the gay *bon-homie* and frank good-fellowship that made Travers so popular wherever he went; and, lacking this, he lacked every thing that was worth having in the eyes of a great many men and women of the world.

"We are all thoroughly charmed with your friend," Mrs. Rivers said, as they came out of the house together; and, looking at the group on the lawn, Vance answered, with a smile:

"I can well believe that, and I don't wonder at it. Travers is such a good fellow, that he deserves to charm everybody. He charmed me, I am sure.—How pleasant this looks!"

"We sit here a great deal," said Mrs. Rivers; and, as they approached, she spoke to Marion, who was next her: "My dear, here is Mr. Lorimer, who, I am glad to say, is well enough at last to join us. I hope—"

What she hoped was left to conjecture, for, as she spoke, Marion turned round, and her face, thus suddenly presented to Lorimer's gaze, made him stagger back without a word and sit down in a chair near at hand. For his life he could not help it. He knew how strangely such conduct must appear; he knew that three pairs of eyes were regarding him with profound astonishment; he knew how he had prepared himself for this meeting, aware that it must come, but yet he could not help it, and he could not say a word. The weird feeling that we all know when any thing bordering on the supernatural comes near us seized him without any warning, and, try as he would, he found himself tongue-tied, with the face of his dream looking at him. It was Travers who spoke first, coming to his rescue with commendable quickness.

"Vance, you shouldn't have forgotten that you are still an invalid. Shall I get you some water? You look quite faint."

"Thank you," said Vance, with a grateful look. Then he glanced up at Marion. "Miss Rivers, pray excuse me. A sudden faintness—a giddiness—quite overcame me. I had no idea I was so weak."

"It would be strange if you were not," said Marion, kindly. "Do sit still. Will you not have a fan?"

He took one which she handed to him, laughing to himself the while that he, of all people, should be playing hysterical fine gentleman at this rate. Mrs. Rivers sent Travers for some water, and levied upon Miss Forrest for sal-volatile. With the aid of these two restoratives, he was at last allowed to declare himself recovered, and to be believed. After this small excitement subsided, Travers finished one of Aytoun's "Lays" that he had been reading aloud; and then Rich-

ard—that is, Mr. Lorimer—was himself again. Marion thought him quite as handsome as she had thought him when he lay pale and stunned on the day of the storm; but she could not help noticing—a woman of perceptions, less quick than her own, must have noticed—that, from some cause, her appearance, her manner, her voice, every thing about her, had a singular attraction for him. It was not exactly admiration—she had been too long accustomed to that to mistake it—nor curiosity, nor any thing else for which there is a definite name; but an interest that puzzled her by its singularity, and yet fascinated her by its intentness. More than once she caught those clear-blue eyes regarding her with a gaze so keen and strange that it amused, even while it perplexed her.

"I wonder what is the matter with me?" she thought. "People don't usually look at me as if I had lost my nose, or suffered some other calamity of the sort. I must ask Nellie what the meaning of it can be!"

When they went to the house, she carried this intention into execution, and Nellie, in reply, told her the history of the dream-picture which Travers had meanwhile been relating to her.

As may naturally be supposed, Marion was very much excited and interested—the more so when she remembered the exclamation Lorimer had made on first seeing her face, and understood now what it meant.

"But it cannot be!" she cried. "I must only resemble his picture. It is so strange!—Nellie, I should not like to think it was I!"

"Mr. Travers says it might pass for your portrait," Nellie answered. "Every line of the face is identical, and the only difference is in expression. I wish you could have heard him describing the manner in which the picture fascinated Mr. Lorimer. It was to get away from it that they came out here."

"And ran full tilt on the original," said Marion. "It is laughable—and yet it is awesome. It is like spiritualism or clairvoyant nonsense, Nellie. I don't—I cannot believe it!"

"I only know what Mr. Travers told me," said Nellie. "But I should like amazingly to see the picture and judge for myself."

"So should I," returned Marion, meditatively.

And there, for the time being, the subject dropped.

It was renewed again that evening when they were all assembled in the drawing-room, and, thanks to Travers and Nellie, canvassed openly. With some hesitation, Lorimer was induced to tell the story of the dream, of its persistent recurrence, of the face that seemed compelling him to paint it, of the hold it had gained upon him, and the vivid manner in which it had returned at sight of Marion's face. They were all greatly interested, and every one followed Miss Forest's lead in professing the greatest curiosity to see the picture.

"If you had only brought it with you," said Mr. Rivers, "I would really give any thing for a glimpse of it."

"Vance, haven't you the original sketch in your portfolio?" asked the irrepressible Travers. "I am almost sure I saw it there the other day."

Vance colored, and glanced at Marion.

"I believe there is a sketch there," he said. "But it is only a crayon outline. I could not make up my mind to leave every thing about the picture behind."

"Show it to us, Mr. Lorimer—pray do," said Mrs. Rivers.

And immediately there rose a chorus of—

"Oh, yes, Mr. Lorimer, pray do!"

Lorimer hesitated. Some instinct strongly warned him not to comply with the request—but then, what excuse could he give for refusal? Three or four eager faces were looking at him, in expectation of his compliance; and it would seem ungracious and churlish to deny their curiosity this small gratification. Yet it was sorely against his will that at last he said:

"I will go and look for it."

He was not long gone. The portfolio must have been very near at hand, for he soon returned with a small crayon-sketch, which he gave to Mrs. Rivers.

"I am not sure that you will see the likeness," he said. "This is very carelessly done; but it is the outline."

It might have been carelessly done, but still there was graphic power in every stroke, and the whole scene was transcribed as forcibly and clearly, if not quite as elaborately, as on the canvas left behind in the forsaken studio. Mrs. Rivers had evidently been quite unpre-

pared for any thing like this. She uttered an exclamation of mingled amazement and admiration when her glance fell on the paper.

"What a strongly-drawn scene!" she cried. "Why, this girl is Marion herself!—Mr. Lorimer, it cannot be that you drew it before you saw her!"

Lorimer pointed to a date two months back, which was inscribed in a corner of the drawing. "This was the first sketch I made," he said. "It was drawn on that day."

"It is incredible!" cried Mrs. Rivers, using the exclamation as people do, without exactly meaning that it was incredible. Then she held the drawing at arm's-length, and appealed to the company in general. "Look! did you ever see a more striking likeness?"

"It is perfect," said Mr. Rivers, looking over her shoulder. "Every feature, every line.—Mr. Lorimer, I would never have believed this excepting from actual sight. And that man! Surely I have seen his face somewhere."

"I have never seen him," said Vance, quietly. "I can believe any thing, however, after meeting Miss Rivers."

"Let me see," said Nellie, crossing the room. She took the sketch, and the next moment gave a scream. "Good heavens!" she cried. "There is something uncanny about this! The girl may be like Marion, but the man is Alston Rayford!"

"What!" cried Mr. Rivers, while his wife looked quickly at Vance, and Marion came forward quite pale.

"Give it to me," she said, in a low voice. And, while she took the sketch and stood looking intently at it, there was not a sound audible in the room. Instinctively, the two strangers felt that something awkward had occurred, or was about to occur; and the others all held their breath, gazing at Marion's face.

It was not an encouraging face by any means, for it hardened and whitened while they gazed, the sunny beauty fading out of it, and a stern, settled resentment like her father's coming over it. After a minute or two, she laid down the drawing, and looked at Vance.

"I suppose Mr. Lorimer means us to believe that this also was part of the dream?" she said, in such a cold and haughty voice that Vance colored and drew himself up, as almost any man would have been apt to do.

"It was certainly part of the dream, Miss Rivers," he answered, as coldly as herself. "That is the first sketch I ever made of it—exactly as it appeared to me then, and has appeared to me always."

"And you never saw Mr. Rayford or myself before drawing this?"

"I never saw yourself, and, as for Mr. Rayford, I never even heard of him before. If that resembles him, it was from no intention on my part of drawing a likeness of any face save the one seen in my dream."

He spoke proudly; for he saw that the incredulity on Marion's face deepened, instead of disappearing at his words. She glanced at the sketch, and then back at him, with a significance that hardly needed the aid of language to express its indignant disbelief.

"I am sure Marion does not mean—" began Mrs. Rivers, eagerly. But Marion interrupted her, coldly.

"Excuse me, aunt, but I think Mr. Lorimer understands what I mean. This is a day of marvels," she went on, looking at the young artist; "and wonders of all kinds abound; but I do not know that I have ever heard any thing like the story you propose to our belief. I am a matter-of-fact person, and this must excuse my incapacity to credit that you drew these striking portraits of Mr. Rayford and myself without ever having seen either of us. Why you should have shown them to me, I cannot imagine. But of one thing I feel sure—that you did well in selecting me, for he would be even less credulous than I have proved."

Then she turned, and, without another word, walked out of the room.

The group left behind looked at each other as if they had been thunderstruck. Mrs. and Mr. Rivers, together with Miss Forest, hardly knew what to say; Travers was overcome with astonishment, and Lorimer was burning with indignation. The latter was the first to speak—walking across the room, and taking up the sketch, while he addressed himself to his host.

"I am sorry that, after having made such a charge, Miss Rivers should have gone away without hearing my reply," he said. "I hope, sir, that you will do me the justice to believe that I never saw her until I entered this house, and that I have never seen the gentleman to whom she alludes. In fact, it is impossible that I should have done so. I am a Georgian by birth, but I have spent many years in Germany; and, since my return to America, I have lived entirely in Baltimore. With Carolina, and Carolinians, I am wholly unacquainted. As regards the dream, I am unable to offer the least explanation. It has been a mystery to me from the first; and I need not say that it has grown even more mysterious since I saw



"Then she turned, and, without another word, walked out of the room."

your niece. As she objects to even an accidental likeness of herself remaining in my possession, I can do this—" he rapidly tore the sketch into fragments—"and I must beg you to assure her that the painting shall share the same fate when I go back to Baltimore."

"My dear Mr. Lorimer," began Mr. Rivers—but Mrs. Rivers took the matter of reply into her hands, and quite bore him down.

"Marion is very much to blame, Mr. Lorimer," she said, eagerly; "but I am sure she will be very sorry for having spoken so. It is some excuse for her that your drawing placed Mr. Rayford in a very equivocal position. He is a gentleman to whom she is engaged—or, I should say, would be engaged, if her father had not refused his consent. She is staying with us now on account of this; and of course she is very sensitive about any allusion to him.—Yes, my dear, I know these are family matters—" this to Nellie, who had entered an aside remonstrance—"but I think Marion's friends owe Mr. Lorimer an explanation of her conduct."

"And an apology," said Mr. Rivers, finding an opportunity to speak, and embracing it without loss of time. "Mr. Lorimer, I am truly sorry that my niece should have forgotten the most common rules of courtesy in this way. If the picture was a likeness of young Rayford—"

"It was a most astonishing likeness," interposed Nellie.

"I only saw him once, and my wife never saw him at all," went on Mr. Rivers. "But if it was a likeness, I don't see that it justifies Marion. In fact the only thing about it is that it makes the dream more astonishing—so astonishing, that it would puzzle a modern Joseph to read it."

"I am not a modern Joseph, but it puzzles me," said Lorimer. "I have had only one decided impression about it from the first—that it would bring me either very good or very bad luck. It has already brought me a measure of both, in granting me the pleasure of your acquaintance, and being the cause of my unintentionally offending your niece. I wish very much that she had given me an opportunity to explain—but then, perhaps, an explanation supported only by assertion would have done no good."

"Not with an angry woman, and a woman in love," said Mr. Rivers, shrugging his shoulders. "Now, I have one favor to ask—that you will not let this *contre-temps* shorten your stay with us."

Lorimer looked at Travers, and there was the same unspoken resolve in both pairs of eyes. Then he glanced back at Mr. Rivers.

"My dear sir, you are very kind, but there is no question of shortening our stay. It has already prolonged itself further than it should have done; and we must leave to-morrow morning. There is nothing for us but to thank you for your hospitality and make our adieux."

Mr. Rivers, seconded by his wife and Nellie, said all that it was possible to say against this decision; but the two friends remained firm. No argument or entreaties had any effect on them; and the next morning, bright and early, they took their departure, exchanging many cordial farewells with the rest of the family, but not even seeing Marion, who kept her own room.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

HECKERMEYER'S FRIEND.

HECKERMEYER was a fellow whom any one might love. Perfectly unselfish, pure-minded, upright, and warm-hearted. He was an American, despite his name, which, I think, was transported here some four generations before his time, and I know that he often grumbled at the bad taste of his ancestor in omitting to lop some syllables from it. He was of a tallish figure, quite stout, and firmly built. He had a good head and forehead, a moderate blue eye, a finely-cut nose, a small, thick brown mustache, and a prominent chin, held well up. He jokingly displayed much pride in two things—a full, beautiful neck, and small hands, which first, however, he persistently concealed by ridiculously high collars, and which last he habitually thrust into his waistcoat-pockets. He had a fine voice whenever he choose to air it, which was seldom in any other company than mine, and was admirably educated to at least three musical instruments, which education he was as morbidly loath to display as his power of singing. Yet he was any thing but shy or reserved; he was happy in a well-dressed crowd, and at dinner, or in any place where there was talk, or movement, or faces. And still, he

often protested that no evenings were so thoroughly enjoyed as those which were passed by his fire, whether we talked or not, and, for my part, I had sufficient pleasure if accident threw us where I could watch his beautiful face and easy manner unobserved and in silence.

His apartments were originally in a neighboring house, but, as our acquaintanceship grew more intimate, he came into the university lodgings, and took a suite across the corridor from mine. He furnished his rooms with much elegance and great taste, and was perpetually adding costly trifles, until very soon the pleasure of a visit to him became actually tainted with bewilderment. He had a special love for fine glass and porcelain ware, perhaps not that of a virtuoso, but at any rate that which led him to crowd every appropriate place with the delicate foreign works of countless colors, which contributed vastly to that sense of bewilderment and confusion I have hinted at. Such a place was, of course, little adapted to hard student-work, and his efforts in this direction came to exactly the conclusion which might have been expected—namely, nothing at all. He at first set out bravely for the clerical profession. He pursued this by purchasing huge volumes of curious speculations and theories, the biographies of the most eccentric divines, and full histories of the ritualistic rites of all creeds and religions he could lay his hands upon. I am certain that he paid great attention to this rubbish, and that he read assiduously, but I was not much surprised when he, one day, sold his whole library for some Bohemian glass-ware, and confided to me his intention of reading for the bar. This object was sought by a road something similar. He filled his shelves with expensive reports of famous criminal trials—French and German as well as American and English. He had a very large collection of pictures of noted criminals, both men and women, and burdened his memory, not with the principles and interpretations of common law, but with samples of invective, passionate pleading, and denunciatory harangues, which he would repeat, word for word, with all the enthusiasm and force of their original deliverers. All this spent itself in a few months, though it lasted somewhat longer than his first experiment. After his rooms were again cleared, and the piles of legal trumpery removed, they gradually filled up again, this time in the interest of medicine and surgery. He carried this to a much further extent, and so long did he remain faithful to this new idea, that I began to hope that he had finally settled to the real business of study. But I was disappointed, and I came upon him one gloomy, rainy afternoon, knocking down his cases of instruments, valuable treatises, engravings of remarkable deformities, disgusting casts of imperfect "anatomical curiosities, and all the fantastic paraphernalia he had accumulated, to a company of delighted Jews.

He was too conscientious and too intelligent a fellow to be blind to the fact that he had made some bad, wasteful mistakes thus far, and often begged me to tell him if I considered him absolutely worthless in the world. I felt that he was much too strong to fall into ordinary dissipation, though I noticed he began to frequent wine parties and dinners more than before, but I feared the effect upon his ideas of the uselessness of his life, and to dread that all this might end in breaking up his good disposition to work. It was while he was thus under my close observation that I fancied I detected an alteration of his manner. It is now too long since to recall the definite symptoms, if there were any, but I remember that I thought him a trifle constrained and hampered, and that his openness and frankness had the merest touch of being forced and artificial.

I imagined that at times he was a little despondent, and at others too much given to meaningless laughter. The trifling oddity which I thought to be of a piece with his late conduct, and which led to my introduction to what I relate hereafter, occurred on a winter's evening, and consisted of borrowing a small sum from me, twenty dollars. I was fortunate in having it, and I, of course, gave it to him without a question.

I thought this singular, inasmuch as he had never done it before, and I began to think if he could possibly be poorer than I supposed him; but I came to no conclusion. He returned at midnight, smoking like a crater, and bringing some oysters in a silver chaffing-dish. He laughingly took a large roll of money from his waistcoat pocket, and gave me double his debt from among some hundreds of dollars. I returned half in spite of him. "My dear Dickenson, I've been gambling. Don't start, there's a good fellow. I know it's damnation, but you see I shall never have a habit that way, and I only did it to-night because I felt a little restless and cut up. Draw up your chair, old boy; it's

very unsocial for you to sit so far off, though I don't doubt that I have some sort of electrical antagonism to you hard workers and book-men."

It was ever on his tongue lately to reproach himself, and a good sign it was, especially as his face would take something of a shade upon it when such thoughts were uppermost. He sat for some moments deep in my easiest chair, with his fine face turned in silence toward the glowing fire.

"Tell me, Dickenson," said he, finally, but with much hesitation, "tell me what you think of this case. I understand that a friend of mine, tolerably rich, decent family, and many relations, has fallen in love with a poor, though pretty seamstress. In your mind, is it unlucky or not?"

I understood the trouble at a glance, and took ultra ground directly, though pretending to speak of a third party.

"I have patience with very few such men," I replied, promptly. "Such pairings-off are very rarely any thing else than absolute miseries. Petty, trivial faults in Claribel become mountains in Jeannette to the eyes of a superior husband, and the very case itself proves that there is a lamentable lack of tact and judgment on both sides to enable them to tide over these little discrepancies without going to pieces."

Heckermeyer smoked in silence, and, if any thing, a little more rapidly.

"You won't mind if I say I think you're too sweeping, Dick?"

"Certainly not. Truest love would avoid running the risk of unhappiness by resolutely putting up with a separation in time."

"Egad, though, my dear boy, that's too sublime, really." And he burst into a brief laugh, which carried a dash of sarcasm in it, but which encouraged me to keep on, and to provoke him into making a full breast of it all, for I was somewhat alarmed.

"I'll allow that that plan is very little used, but the trouble does not lie with the principle, that is good enough. But the rub comes in the 'truest love,' for, on the poor side, it is seven-eighths of calculation."

I watched a deep flush steal into his face, and his eyes grew a little brighter. "I can't quite agree with you, upon my word," said he, dryly.

"I'm sorry, Heckermeyer," I replied, "for you might possibly persuade your friend that he has very likely fallen into the young man's error, that ingenuousness and hard labor always exist together, and that a pure heart and beautiful soul are never to be found with wealth and refinement."

"Excuse me, but the friend in question is not a fool."

"Allowed—that is, in the common acceptance of the term; but I must insist that if he incurs, as he certainly will, the total estrangement of his friends, the responsibility of his family's sorrow, and the sacrifice of his own life, together with the ruin of hers and her children's, if she has any, all for a fancy, I must say that man, or boy, is a—well, a ninny."

Heckermeyer rose to his feet hastily. "Dickenson, I confess that I did not expect such rubbish from you, and," he added, warmly, "I more than half believe that I should not have heard it if I had told you my friend's name."

He had never spoken to me so before, or even approached his present heat; but, after just glancing at his handsome face, I remained determinedly silent until I felt that he was in a proper mood to take what I should say quietly. He cooled almost as rapidly as he had taken fire, and seated himself negligently on the edge of his chair, and paid some pretended attention to the fire of his cigar.

"Heckermeyer," I rejoined, presently, "I supposed from the first that you were talking of your own case, and now I know it. Perhaps I was a little strong, but now you know about where I stand, and, if I have a proper idea of your meaning, I hope, upon my word, that you've exaggerated, for I don't like such affairs at all."

He was very quick and eager to answer.

"I beg your pardon, old boy, a thousand times over, indeed I do; I was much too quick, but you rather touched me, just a little. But," here he sunk his voice, and laid his hand lightly on my arm, "but, my dear Dick, I can't think as you think, at all. She's poor and very poor, but she's as brave as a lion, and I never heard her sigh, though I have stood by her for hours, watching her poor fingers fly over her miserable work. She's very beautiful, with her soft eyes, and clear skin, and is as gentle and dignified as the best I know. There's no come-down for me, but it makes me blush to stand beside her and think

that I, of the two, am given food and lodging by birth, and she, so delicate, has to work for life, while I sleep and lounge. I'm sure I love her as I should, and Heaven knows I mean right by her. I never fought so long for any one's trust, Dick, not even yours, and I can't think what I would not do to keep it. I've been worthless and wandering, making toys of my opportunities, and letting my mind run to weeds, but even the memory of her face and look stirs me, while her real touch and smile make me feel almost grandly strong."

There was no laughing at all this; he was deeply and tenderly in earnest, and I recalled my rattling words, in my thoughts, with a sense of shame and contrition. I thought that I never saw him so very handsome as he stood with glistening eyes, and with a half-serious smile lingering about his lips, looking intently at me in the glowing, wavering firelight.

"Ah, dear boy," he added, with a low laugh, which was very sweet and pleasant, "if it is a mistake which makes me nobler in desire and heart, and determines me to put myself into traces for some good end, I hope I may blunder into making it, and that I may find you in company."

At this he turned away, as if going; I said nothing, and he lingered, but approached the door finally. He put his hand upon the knob, and threw the bolt several times in an undecided fashion, which made me look up inquiringly, whereupon he returned part way, and rested his arms on the back of a chair, and spoke to me with a smile:

"Dickenson, old fellow, did you ever do any thing so wrong that you were ever *doggied* by anybody?"

He emphasized the word with a touch of surprise that such a bad one must be used to express the case.

I shook my head. "No, at least not that I know of."

"No, I suppose you haven't. But do you know that I have an indistinct suspicion that some one has undertaken that kind office for me? That there is a person who uncivilly notices my goings and comings?"

I looked at him in surprise. "Do you owe any one?"

"No, thank Heaven, and neither have I done any thing wrong, or any thing that I am ashamed of, or," he added, with an inflection which I plainly understood, "any thing that I ever shall be ashamed of. And yet, for something like a month now, I've felt the oppression of an eye upon me. It comes upon me at odd times and in odd places. I shouldn't say it haunted me, for it doesn't; but still I catch myself looking up and down long streets, in at dark porticos and niches in the buildings. I have thought I have caught sight of the old face and green shawl in the crowds before concert-doors; but I am not sure of that. If I may be so imaginative, Dick, I will say her eye has a hungry look; not curious, nor exactly prying, but much more pathetic and expressive than it used to be, and of its common run I've had a good chance to judge. Now, old boy, who is it?"

He put it in the form of a puzzle, and looked at me, rather amazed.

"An old face and green shawl, you say. It can't be Sarah?"

"Ah," said he, shaking his head, "you've hit it, the first shot. It is Sarah; poor old Sarah Packer."

"Your washerwoman?"

"My washerwoman," replied he, placidly, enjoying my surprise.

What could she want to know of him, so honest, gentle, and graceful? I said nothing, for I had nothing to say.

"Odd, Dickenson, isn't it?" asked he, thoughtfully.

"Very," I answered.

Presently he straightened up, and, throwing his cigar deep into the ashes, went away with his hands in his pockets, and a pleasant good-night.

Often in days after, when I was without the influence of Heckermeyer's voice and presence, did I endeavor to persuade myself that this pursuit of love was but of a pattern with his other pursuits of the ministry, law, and surgery. Indeed, I had some little ground for such hopes, for, without considering that he seized the idea in the same quixotic manner, he treated it in much the same fashion by cramming his bookcases with poetry, and stocking his walls with landscapes, pastoral scenes, and beautiful cottage interiors. Among other strange collections he made, was a curious one, consisting of a brown, much-used pin-cushion, an emery-bag, two threaded needles, and the sleeve of an under-garment, all of which he explained had passed through the hands of the girl Nannie; and, on the last, he used to dwell and point out to me the excellences of the stitching and make, with a real pride which would have been touching in any man, but which,

coming from him with so much truth and sincerity, helped to make me sadly certain that he was much in earnest. His conversation, and his almost nightly recounting of his daily relations and visits to her, confirmed this too well. Even when there used to come with the rest, as there did after a while, hints of troubles of hers, of an impoverished family at her home at a distance, of embarrassments and illnesses, he would declare, with flashing eyes, that nothing could be too poor and mean for him if her relief depended upon the sacrifice of his comforts. "Yea, Dickenson," he cried, one day, striking the table with his open hand, "if I can prove in my own heart that I am of the least help and use to poor, struggling, working Nannie, by parting with all this trumpery of carpets, and furniture, and jewelry, and such wretched stuff, I shall be the happiest fellow in Christendom."

Then, as the days went by, he began to grow more serious, not moody, but more thoughtful, and he whispered of other and new distresses, but with a tone of elation and welcoming, as if he relished the new sense of deprivation which he recklessly incurred, and I have no doubt that he did.

On a certain Monday in early March I went to the principal theatre in the city, as Heckermeier wished me to do, in order to see this girl, whom he had persuaded to go, to relieve her for a time from the harassing associations of her daily work, and for whom I frankly confess I had taken a foolish and unreasonable dislike. I did not reach the theatre until quite late, and, in fact, not until the last act was nearly finished. I looked about for Heckermeier, and found him easily; beyond him sat the object of my search. She was indeed beautiful. She was dressed very simply, just as any sensible girl in her ostensible position would dress. She was a brunette in complexion, an oval face, with a chin somewhat prominent, large, dark, mournful eyes, and with her lips so set as to give a thoughtful and half-sad expression to her countenance. As I looked at her, Heckermeier whispered something in her ear, which pleased her so that a smile broke upon her face, bringing to view some very white teeth, and covering her cheeks with a flush. I felt much surprise at her appearance, so much that at first I was almost converted from my skepticism; but my second impulse was to look at her with closer scrutiny. At first I saw nothing but modesty and a delicate shyness, together with numberless little dangerous coquetties of the eyes and hands; but presently I was well rewarded. Heckermeier stooped forward for some object, while she, on observing his position, glanced rapidly at some one in my neighborhood, and there appeared in the nearest side of her face one of the most remarkable expressions that I ever witnessed. As near as I can remember, it was made by parting the lips widely at the corner, thus forcing the blood from the protruding cheek, and by opening the eye to its widest extent, and also by slightly dilating the nostril. It died away in a mere flash, and all was calm and modest again. I was startled, and turned to see to whom the look had been directed, and I found a tall and rather good-looking man by my side, whose sharp eyes were directed full upon the pair. He was not over-dressed, nor yet obtrusive in his carriage, and still I might have mistrusted him without the help of the incident of a moment ago. A quiet smile was fading from his face as my eyes first met it. This was all too palpable and clear to be misunderstood. I stepped back and left the theatre, stopping on the way to ask one of the ushers if he could tell me the name of the man I had left behind me.

"Him with the lightish hair?" was the response. "Who's he? He's Bryne, the great faro-man."

This answer, together with the memory of that malignant, covert glance, put matters into rather a sorry light with me, and I walked homeward very unhappy and anxious. I considered that Heckermeier was in a rather bad way, and I began to tangle myself in plans to extricate him. As I put my foot upon the threshold of my outer door, some one touched me from behind. It was Sarah Packer, with her old green shawl, and round-shouldered figure, and no one at that particular moment could have been more welcome. She begged that I would let her have a little talk with me in my room, to which I was only too glad to assent. Heckermeier had mentioned her frequently of late, and with growing impatience. It appeared that she had increased her watching of him until it amounted to actual surveillance, and, remembering this, I naturally felt that she might in some manner prove an ally to me.

She was a small woman, of something like fifty years of age, and was unnaturally quiet and reserved in her manner, which made me think her strange notice of Heckermeier more singular than had it

been bestowed by a person used to gossip and much acquaintance. She had a very large, gray eye, and a small, pursed-up mouth, about both of which there eternally rested an expression of grieving; not an obtrusive sorrow which courted many questions regarding it, but one which defended itself against any such curiosity by its very depth and completeness. Added to this, she had a habit of carrying her gray head bent down, as if trying to conceal herself and to hurry away unnoticed; and, besides, there was a manner of pulling her shawl closer and closer about her, which made her appear to shrink from contact and voices.

She quietly seated herself by my fire, sitting erect upon the very edge of the chair, with her hands closely folded before her, more in an attitude of expectancy than of rest. I begged her gently to remove her faded straw bonnet and her shawl, but she shook her head with an almost whispered refusal.

It was quite windy and cold outside, and the draughty murmurs of my fire seemed to drive all thoughts of the present away, for she sat for some moments apparently regarding them only, and allowing her eyes to wander curiously over the brilliant-flaming heap.

My mantel-clock striking twelve in its sharp way aroused her.

"It's pretty late, Sarah, isn't it?" said I.

She half started up, with a look of alarm; she thought I meant to drive her away, but nothing was further from my thoughts, and so she sat down again, rather untinged and nervous. She glanced at me furtively several times, and the faint rattle of the falling cinders frequently caused her to turn her head in a painful attitude of acute listening.

"He'll be here presently, Sarah. It's high time. There's nothing that you'd like to say before he comes? Any thing about him in particular?"

She hesitated long, but finally answered slowly, and in the same half-whisper:

"Ah, sir, it was in my poor head to tell you all about him, all that I know, for I'm sure you love him, being so near him; but—but I couldn't bring my tongue to it now. It seems as though the sadness of it grows on me. He was there to-night, sir, at the theatre, and her—the girl with him?" She asked this with an odd catch of her breath, as if she hated to do so. I nodded affirmatively.

"She is very beautiful?" said I.

She looked at me appealingly for a bare instant, and then dropped her head upon her breast, seemingly, with the self-same wish, to crowd herself out of sight and hearing. Her hands folded into each other something more closely, while I wondered how I could have touched her so. I could not doubt that there was something in what I said which hurt her sharply. She came out of it as she would have done from a spasm, but did not answer me directly, but gathered her breath, and kept on about Heckermeier, with a dash of haste, as if to prevent the current of our present thoughts from flowing any further.

"Yes, you're his friend, sir, and he says a right good friend. But so am I, and a much better one. Oh, I've watched him so close, so very close. I know the poor boy well, and I know others, and the other. Now, sir, you're his friend, hand to hand and shoulder to shoulder, but you didn't know the boy was near deep ruin, did you?"

I looked at her in astonishment, and shook my head, while she regarded me hungrily, as if the force of my denial did not suit her.

"You haven't noticed that he's called in his money from his bankers, and sold his rings and watch—that he's taking up with gaming, and is losing, losing, losing, all this while that he comes and laughs with you, and tells you how he's loved and trusted?"

I was thunderstruck, and my anxious face urged her on.

"It frightens you, sir? It's true, and there's a hundred times more of it true. They've set upon him because he's gentle and trusting. They're sharp and cruel, but I have watched them at their tricks unbeknown to all, and, as it comes to a point, here come I between our boy and misery. Not that I haven't come before," said she, eagerly, "for I've spoke to him often; yes, and wrote to him with my awkward hand, but never would he listen or read; perhaps the streets were too cold, or my letters too poor, but now I'm here again, weak and trembling, and I hope he won't drive me away this time, for I fear the end is coming, sir; it's pretty near."

I could say nothing, for I was filled with forebodings and with bitter thoughts of a sharp, sorry contrast between my worth to Heckermeier and hers, and she so feeble and gray. She spoke up again in a moment, but in a much softer voice, and lower; in fact, I thought much more to herself than to me:

"I wonder if the poor, handsome lad would be so savage with me, if I should tell him all; yes, I do wonder that. But I won't tell him now, I'll leave it till the last; and, ah! how I hope that'll never come, never! How strange it was—so mixed up and odd, that I should have seen them romp and play at games together, and then to see them so; and I, of all the crowds of people in this wide place, should come to separate them—and all—all on account of *her, her!*" Here there was the same drooping of the head and the same huddling of her arms and hands, that I had seen before. There was much that was eloquent in her posture; sad suggestions of shame and grief, that I could not then account for, but only gaze upon and pity. While we were thus, she mutely smoothing her dress on her lap and still in the attitude of waiting, and I standing silently beside her, we both heard Heckermeyer's step upon the stair. She glanced at me anxiously, and hastily smoothed her hair with both her hands and became quiet again.

I hastened to admit him; he was as hearty and happy as ever, and, if any thing, a trifle more exuberant than usual.

"Ah, old Dick, your den is always open to me, isn't it? I wonder how I should get on without you? Miserably, I'm sure." While saying this, he was unbuttoning his outer coat. "Been with her all this livelong evening, and such an evening! I lugged her off to the theatre, to cheer her up. There was a bright play, you know, and it did it—partly. Poor Nannie, her troubles are legion; but we're fighting them bravely—bravely."

"I think I've seen her, then, Heckermeyer; I was at the Varieties."

"Were you, old boy?" said he, eagerly; "wasn't she modest and truly beautiful—come, Mr. Bachelor?"

I whisperingly related all that I saw, not omitting my own comments and ideas, despite his darkening face and impatient expressions. He was very angry.

"I can't and won't believe it, Dickenson; she was gaping or something. Why is it that all people set at her like a pack of hungry dogs? I should think that you'd had a dose of that Sarah Packer. That miserable old woman torments me; she pries out things she has no business with, and sends me mysterious warnings written in an unintelligible jargon. What the devil has she got to do with Nannie or me, can you tell me?—Halloa!"

His eye fell for the first time on Packer, as she sat by the fire, with her face turned toward the coals. His manner softened considerably, as he saw her, for he was much too kind-hearted to domineer over such as she.

"You've come to see me, I suppose, Packer?" said he, approaching her. "Now, why have you come? Have you any thing new to say? or only the old stories? I assure you, they're threadbare and good for nothing."

She arose with a sort of choking motion in her throat, and a glance all about her, as if to get help from some indefinite quarter.

"How could I tell you much more, Mr. Frank, unless I told you that they've caught you fast?" asked she, pleadingly.

"Pshaw!"

"You won't look at what I've told you already, fairly. Can't you see how different you are from what you were before you met—her?" She slurred this last word, and hardly pronounced it. "Don't you see that you're poor, that you've given written promises, that the calls on you are heavier every day, and that you get nothing but disappointments and soft words for all your trouble and anxiety? Do you know any thing of—of her, the employer? have you ever seen one of her family? Haven't you found plenty of lies and deceits, and haven't you let your kind heart drown your reason and sense, time and again? You don't dare to put *yourself* a single honest question about her or her doings; but you love her smiles and looks, and let yourself be cheated, when you yourself know, out of your own head, that it's all deceit. You're dreaming that it must be right somehow, because she is so beautiful. Ah! hear me, Mr. Frank, don't turn away; I've always loved your open face and your kindness. I've watched you before you knew I did—"

"Since when have you watched me, pray?" he broke in, with rising anger, even to her. She stopped for an instant, as she was about to answer, and thrust her withered, trembling hand into a deep pocket, and presently withdrew a slip of paper, which she carefully unfolded, and gave to him meekly. He read it, and crumpled it up with an exclamation.

"So you were my nurse, were you? This is why you deemed it your business to dog me forever. Because you once fed me with pap and sugar, you think that now I require your good advice, eh?"

She shivered from head to foot, as if suddenly struck by a draught of chilling air, and gathered her shawl with the same huddling motion.

"I did humbly hope you might listen a little, Mr. Frank," said she, brokenly. "I could be happy with your anger and all you say, if I was sure you were safe from—from—her." Here was that word again, with its curious accompaniment of shrinking and faltering.

"*Her, her!*" cried Heckermeyer, fiercely; "why do you harp on that word '*her*'? What is she to you? Nothing. And, now, what is she to me? Every thing. Haven't you got done with jealousy yet? or, if that is impossible, what is possible? Now, since I must tell you," continued he, drawing himself up, "I will. You cannot move me. You shall not try again, except at your risk. I won't have you dodging me about; and I now say, for your edification, that the '*her*' whom you continually whisper and sigh about, is to marry me soon. If she is in trouble, with God's help I will fetch her out; if bad people have frightened her and scared her, I will protect her; I will make her as pure and happy as her darling heart could wish, and neither poverty nor you, more like a witch than any thing I ever saw, shall come between us."

Once, while he was saying this so grandly, and with so full a voice, there came into her face a bright and almost beautifying gleam of light; but it lasted but an instant, and a sweeping, dull cloud again crept in, and she hid it in her hands with a sob so deep that it sounded much like a long, bitter cry of pain. Heckermeyer, pale with excitement, seized a candle from above, and thrust it deep into the coals, where it flared with a yellow flame.

"Come here, Dickenson." He thrust it into my hand. "Take this woman away; light her down the stairs, and shut the door on her, tight.—Go, Sarah Packer, leave this, and never come back."

She did not once raise her eyes to him, but very slowly passed in front of him and to the door, whither he followed her with an angry look. I hoped, from the bottom of my heart, to see him relent, for her small and almost decrepit figure bore disappointment and sorrow in its very pace, and she slipped into the shadows of the windy hall so quietly as to leave a sense of burning reproach even with me, and I looked to see it in him, but could not find it. I caught my hat and coat, and followed her down the many steps and landings. She would not let me accompany her, but I threw my coat over her shoulders, and I forced her to keep it there. She stopped and looked at me earnestly.

"Get it out of him, sir; get it any way you can. Wheedle him, or anger him into saying when he is to be married, or cheated, or ruined; it is all the same. I know I can stop it; poor boy, poor boy! Don't you see how it is, sir?" I shook my head. "Why—why, they're making him marry a woman of the town!" She stopped short, as the words fell from her lips, and there passed over her features a sort of convulsion, and she caught me by the wrists with both her hands. "She looks meek and modest, but she's playing a hard game with him; after it is all over, he'll find it out, and then comes their harvest of extortion, for there are many concerned in it. They're all after him like hawks, and he so pure and honest; and still, she—she among them! I'll come early to-morrow, sir, to you only. Get it all, and may the Lord help us!"

She pulled the door open and disappeared, while I stood blinded by the gust of sleet, holding my candle above me.

I hastened back to my parlor. Heckermeyer was standing erect before the grate, awaiting me, fully charged:

"Dickenson, is that woman in your pay? Of course, you shake your head. Why was I such a fool as to ask the question?"

"Perhaps it would be better to keep your temper and be civil."

"It's a glorious wonder that I have a temper to keep. Who is it that has set the whole town picking at me? I don't turn about, but I'm asked questions, or find a spy at my heels. Who's right is it speak to me, to think of me, to breathe of me? Now listen: I'll tell you, for the information of this cursed community, that Nannie and I are to be married in St. George's Chapel under our feet here, in this very building, to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock; and I freely invite the whole world of newsmongers, gossips, tale-bearers, and old women, to come and look at us, wind us up, and set us going on your various roads to the devil! Don't give us any of your charitable hopes and

wishes, for we're ill-assorted, inveigled, and labelled with all sorts of blights, miseries, and bad ends. If your usual decent sense comes back to you, Dickenson, I should like to have you stand by me; but mind, I don't beg you; stay away, if you choose, for there is a horrible contamination in a fellow who marries for love." All through this, his voice trembled at every word, and, when he finished, he ran out of the room in a fury, for the first time in his life—and, thank Heaven, the last! That night was a night of misery for me, and I sat by my fire till dawn, hoping he would come back again; but he did not, and neither did I go to him, and, perhaps, after all, it was much the best as it was.

In the morning Sarah Packer came, and I told her all I knew. She hurried away again breathlessly, and with much anxiety. From her heavy eyes and her wearied look, I imagined a night of wakefulness, perhaps of tramping about, for some purpose, in the snow; of sighs and prayers without number, and earnest hopes for strength to carry her through.

I could not study. I did nothing but walk about until one o'clock. I had some wild ideas of denouncing the woman to the police, or of tying up Heckermeier in his room until I could buy her off; but they, with thousands of others, fled and came to nothing but restlessness and despair. I was sick at heart and sorrow-struck; prayers to him could do nothing, violence could do nothing, reason could do nothing. I was ready to run off out of sight, or to remain rooted where I was, and try and forget him. The tumult of thoughts, which rushed upon me as I realized it all, the anger and deep sorrow, made my head swim, and in the midst of it I became dimly conscious of two figures beside me. I hazily discerned them to be women, but did not comprehend them. One had a veil, the other had none, and was much shorter, and clung about the taller form so, that my wavering sight failed to tell at first how it clung, and whether it was from affection, or to hold on to it.

The hand of the shorter touched me, and she spoke while the other bent its head and looked away. The voice was pleasant and subdued, and roused me.

"Nerve up, sir; we've come—and come together." I looked up to meet brighter and darker eyes than I had seen the night before. "Would you go and fetch—fetch him—sir? the sooner the better, deary, much better." This last seemed to be in response to a start from the other, whose head was far down upon her breast. I have a recollection of getting up and of walking unsteadily, but with wild, visionary, ill-defined hopes, across the hall, and tapping gently at his door, and of getting an answer and a hand-shake. He was ready, dressed in his evening-suit, and looked powerful and manly as he welcomed me. I begged him to come to my room directly. He stared at me and laughed, but put his hand on my shoulder and went along, joking at my weakness and rallying me. We entered the room, and I locked the door. He paused, looked savagely about, and approached the women.

"Am I always to be tormented with your presence, Sarah Packer? Is there to be no end to this? I do—"

He stopped short as the other unveiled herself, exposing a face perfectly white, but calm and resolute. The eyes were clear, but did not droop under his gaze, or because they beheld him falter with dread.

He simply called her by name, and stood still, "Nannie!"

"The end of all this has come, Frank," said she, quietly. He did not speak. "No, you must not touch me. You have heard me called all sorts of bitter names; the worst—the very worst are, or were true; do you understand me? the very worst were true."

He turned calmly about, and came and drew his arm through mine. "Go on," said he, thickly.

"You never were any thing to me, except a victim to those who planned with me, never. I calculated every look and smile, every lie, and every tone. To-day I should have ruined you, for I have no heart or feeling. I abandon you, because one single spark of what I say I have none of was awakened in me, and has opened my arms to one whom my wickedness has long shut out. I turn to her for peace and happiness, and with no regrets at losing you—no, not one."

"And your promises, your love, your devotion, were—"

"All lies, every one of them."

He thrust his arm deeper into mine, and leaned somewhat more heavily, but was still upright and defiant.

"And I am not indebted to you, then?" said he, distinctly.

"No," replied she, unmoved. "You are indebted to a pure, loving heart that I once fled from, to the prayers and begging words of one who sought me, night after night, in storm and cold and all, and who entreated me on her knees to let you go—"

"Hush, hush!" this from the woman at her side.

"She loved you as her own child; she besought her own child, the wicked, heartless one, to turn away from you. I have done it. I do not ask your forgiveness; I ask nothing, nothing, but that I may go my way with my poor, almost heart-broken mother—"

"No, no, Nannie, not heart-broken, but happy—very happy."

"And that the little grain of pity that came to me last night, while you slept, from her half-frozen lips and by her cold hands may grow so much bigger. God help me!"

He stepped forward and stooped gently toward the old silver-haired figure with the green shawl and wrinkled face.

"Sarah Packer, I am saved by your hands, and I shall pray that she who is so much dearer to you than I am or could be, may one day say the same, and you will have done your work well." After an instant he arose and walked to me with his back to them, and, putting his hands on my shoulders, leaned there until he felt their skirts rustle past him. He looked up as they went out, and, as they went, he leaned heavier than ever. He roused for a moment and said in a whisper, with a soft smile and with much effort:

"Dear old boy, how my plans ever fade! There was the ministry, then the law, then medicine, and now love and hope—I am afraid my next trial will be sickness; let us hope that that may go as the rest. Hold me up, dear Dick—up, up."

All of it came true—the sickness, and the death of the sickness, though it died hard. What brought it on, also faded; and he is now even strong, hearty, and willing to try again at something, and is looking about him for what may turn up.

CHRISTINA NILSSON, THE "STAR OF THE NORTH."

IT was the season of the great fair at Ljunby, in Sweden. People had come together from all parts to display, examine, and purchase the varied products of agriculture and art. Rich noblemen and humble peasants mingled freely in the scene, and conversed in terms of familiarity.

Besides the usual display of wares, there were numerous side-shows and entertainments of a festive character, for the gratification of the populace. Song and dance, however, were in the ascendant, and one couple in particular seemed to attract special attention. The singer, a young girl, of not more than a dozen years of age, with fair complexion, flowing hair, and blue eyes, sang the soft, inspiring melodies of the Norseland, with peculiar sweetness, while her companion—an elder brother—accompanied her on the violin with a skill equally praiseworthy. Among the listeners was another couple—a local magistrate, by name Thornerhjelm, and his friend, also an official gentleman, both of musical tastes—who had been drawn hither by the harmony.

"Who is that girl?" inquired the magistrate of his companion.

"Probably some street-singer," replied the latter, with a sneer.

"A very good one, then, and such as we don't meet with every day. I'll talk with them."

Brother and sister were immediately summoned. Their story was told—plain and simple without romance—and it became evident that her voice was more than ordinary. On the following day the father or the girl received a letter, in which the magistrate, with the warmest cordiality, offered to oversee the education of the fair singer. The offer was at once accepted, and the way—for which the sire had long prayed—now lay open to success.

It seems to have been the lot of great men and women to have been born in humble circumstances. Statesmen, generals, authors, singers, and artists of every description, with but few exceptions, point to a cottage as their birthplace, to hardships and toil as their means of education. And, indeed, some one has gone so far as to remark that, to reach the throne, one must have risen from the hut.

The father of the young singer—living in the hamlet of Hussaby, near Wexio—was a farmer, or, as they say in Sweden, a peasant, who

earned his livelihood by cultivating a small piece of ground belonging to Count Hamilton.

The labor expended, however, was but poorly recompensed by the produce, for the soil was ill suited for fertile harvests, and the cold, bleak winds often struck the death-blow, before the grain was ripened.

On the 3d of August, 1843, was born to Nilsson an eighth child—a daughter—and at the altar the name of Christina was given her. As she grew up she showed but little signs of superior capability, but was sent to school to learn the commonest branches, while at home her father taught her the mysteries of the gamut.

She soon gained a liking for music, nay, more, a passion, and as its echoing strains crept over her ear—

"Like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odors"—

that passion increased to madness, as it were, and she was more ready to seize upon her brother Carl's violin than to accompany her father to the fields.

Gradually, her voice became known, and the praises of neighbors naturally inflated the vanity of the parents. When the good magistrate deigned to notice her, nothing could exceed their pride. But the good wife was strongly opposed to sending their youngest away from home, for with the usual tenderness of a mother were mingled fears of her being cast among strangers. The father, however, prevailed. It seems that he had a dream, in which he thought that he saw his little Christina risen high among the greatest and most renowned geniuses of the world; she stood before him, in a vast assemblage, clothed in pure white, and adorned with jewels, and sung the sweetest strains of harmony, while her name and praise rested lovingly upon the lips of every one.

We have neither the time nor the space to recount the full story of her education, and can only mention that she became an inmate of the house of Thornerhjelm, and won the love of every one; that she studied hard and earnestly, making rapid progress, until she was received with favor by the Baroness de Leuhassan—at that time a favorite singer, Mademoiselle Valerius—and then was sent to Gottenburg, remaining there nearly two years; then, under the escort of her former patron, repaired to Stockholm to further pursue her course of study; how she delighted all by her skill as a *pianiste*, and by her knowledge of German music; and finally, leaving her northern home, set out for Paris, where, upon the 27th of October, 1864, she made her first public appearance at the Théâtre Lyrique. It was a three-years' engagement, for which she was to receive seventy-five hundred francs. As her voice increased in power and sweetness, so did her name become more and more celebrated.

On the evening of February 23, 1865, she appeared in the great masterpiece of Mozart, "Il Flauto Magico," and roused an enthusiasm only equalled by that which the beautiful Aloysia Weber occasioned in 1792. She enacted not the part of the innocent heroine, Pamina, but the queen, in all her fearful and tragic grandeur. She infused into it a power and spirit as wild and fantastic as the scenery of her native Scandinavia; and illumined it with a beauty and sublimity as effective as the sight of the midnight sun in the cold, desolate regions of the pole. "If her sharp and vibrating voice mounts to the heavens, it is to curse, like a Titan, from the airy regions above; from her mouth dart notes like fiery vipers, and her laugh is as sneering and demoniacal as that of Hecate," are the words of an eminent French critic.

In 1866 and 1867 were performed "Don Juan," "Sardanapalus," and one or two other operas, in which Christina sang and won additional praise. But it was in the work of M. Ambroise Thomas, that she not only carved an everlasting name for herself, but brought to high honor and esteem the honorable composer. The opera, founded on Shakespeare's "Hamlet"—a subject, strange to say, which the greatest masters, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, had thought of, but dared not touch—was a risk from the beginning; and it was only the brilliancy of the star that made it a success. She personated Ophelia, not the Ophelia of long forethought and study, but that formed by the innocent conception of the singer, founded upon her own experience. The heroine of the past was forgotten, almost unknown; it was Ophelia of the nineteenth century. Then followed her impersonation of Marguerite in "Faust"—the most simple and sublime character of modern music—adhering to the firm belief that sublimity is

nothing but simplicity. Marguerite is the symbol of pure affection, in whose heart love, and love only, reigns supreme. She is that self-same being, innocent, faithful, and adoring, after she has sinned and suffered, that she was when she plucked a daisy from the garden, or, sitting at the wheel, solaced her labor by a song. Christina Nilsson, in portraying the beauty of such a character, appeared, clothed in the innocence and sanctity of a woman, with a heart just learning to love, as fresh and sweet as the opening rose, assuming no false modesty or shame, because she was unconscious of evil, and cherishing an affection for her sweetheart, pure but not passionate, earnest but not affected. The impression, which she had already made upon the audience, reached its utmost when Gretchen, having plucked a flower from the garden, while slowly robbing it of its leaves asked Faust whether his love was eternal, and he made answer; and, when Marguerite, overwhelmed in thought, breathed that simple prayer:

"Ah! va via! Io vacilla! ah, pietà!
Va via presto, io tremo! ahime!
Non frangere il cor di Margherita!"—

few eyes there were which were not moistened by a tear, so great was the pathos with which these words were uttered. And when the old story repeats itself—the sad story of seduction—the listener is ready with his sympathy and forgiveness. The terror of the ensuing scenes are only brought to a crisis in the last act. It is within the cold, dreary walls of a dungeon, where love, madness, and death, struggle wild and fierce. And when Mephistopheles, more dreaded than the Gorgon; Faust, with a guilty conscience but repentant, and Marguerite, still mantled by innocence, but not without sin—all unite in that sublime trio, amid the combined harmony of sneer, love, and forgetfulness, the darkness vanishes, and we can almost discern the spirit of the poor girl rising to the bosom of the Father, and made pure by the divine light which encircles it. If Marguerite was a great creation, then the impersonation of Marguerite on this occasion was unsurpassed. The voice of Christina even vied with its own greatness, and words fail in its exaltation.

One year later, the *cantatrice* appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre in London, in "La Traviata," "Martha," "Don Giovanni," and "Il Flauto Magico." Her singing was crowned with success, and the critics were united in their unbounded praise. Her triumph in the oratorio of "Judas Maccabeus," at the Birmingham festival, was one which will long be remembered, and her appearance in the Crystal Palace, under the auspices of the Handel Committee, was greeted by an applause, never before known in the famous structure.

Not long after this brilliant career, she returned to her home in Sweden—like the favorite swallow to its beloved nest—and was received with humble but heartfelt joy. Many had heard her voice in childhood; but now they could scarce believe that she was the same little peasant-girl, who, they thought, had returned to them in the garb of an angel. Gladness was changed to sorrow when she told them that she must again bid them farewell, although she promised to return some future day. May that promise still meet with its fulfilment in the future!

It requires a lover of Nature to search out and appreciate her wondrous system and workings; so does it need an artist to delineate the perfections of one. To trace and mark out the features and peculiarities of that voice, which is charming all Europe, is far beyond the reach of the present writer. Not admiration, but words and appreciation are wanting. To say that her voice is great, is but repeating an old and stale expression. It is rather the superlative of great. Modelled by the cold and hardened by the severities of a northern clime, though transplanted to the warm, sunny regions of the south, and submitted to long and rigorous training, it is still marked by its original nationality—like that of Jenny Lind, with whom she has been so often compared—and unites extreme beauty with a sonorous and sparkling tone. Its vibration has never been excelled, and the control which she exercises over it is indeed wonderful. Now she rises *fortissimo*—often, indeed, to harshness—then, with a *tremolo* almost enchanting, she gradually descends into the most tender and sublime *passione*, reminding one of the wild, restless waves of Galilee, suddenly calmed by divine love.

In her acting, she is successful, especially in episodes, and pleases rather by her naturalness of conception, united with personal attraction, than by a forced attempt at rhetorical effect. In this, we are forcibly reminded of Mr. Jefferson in his famous rôle of Rip Van Winkle, whose naturalness of expression may be said to be unequalled.

Taken as she is, with her many perfections and few defects, she ranks not with the singers of the present, but with those of the past. She moves in her own sphere, possesses a marked individuality, and will ever hold her place among the brightest of the pleiades.

As we write, the tidings of her intended visit to our own shore reach us. Let every one welcome with an open hand and heart her to whom the oft-quoted line of Bishop Berkeley may now apply:

"Westward the star of empire takes its way,"

for music, no one will deny, is an empire in itself, and the beautiful Christina Nilsson is one of the brightest stars that have adorned its glory.

THE RIVER.

[*"Man's life is like a River, which likewise hath its Seasons, or phases of progress: first, its Spring rise, gentle and beautiful; next, its Summer, of eventful maturity, mixed calm, and storm, followed by Autumnal decadence, and mists of Winter, after which cometh the all-embracing Sea, type of that mystery we call Eternity!"*]

UP among the dew-lit fallows
Slight but fair it took its rise,
And through rounds of golden shallows
Brightened under broadening skies;
While the delicate wind of morning
Touched the waves to happier grace,
Like a breath of love's forewarning,
Dimpling o'er a virgin face—
Till the tides of that rare river
Merged and mellowed into one,
Flashed the shafts from sundown's quiver,
Backward to the sun.



Royal breadths of sky-born blushes
Burned athwart its billowy breast—
But beyond those roseate flushes
Shone the snow-white swans at rest;
Round in graceful flights the swallows
Dipped and soared, and soaring sang,
And in bays and reed-bound hollows,
How earth's wild, sweet voices rang!
Till the strong, swift, glorious river
Seemed with mightier pulse to run,
Thus to roll and rush forever,
Laughing in the sun.

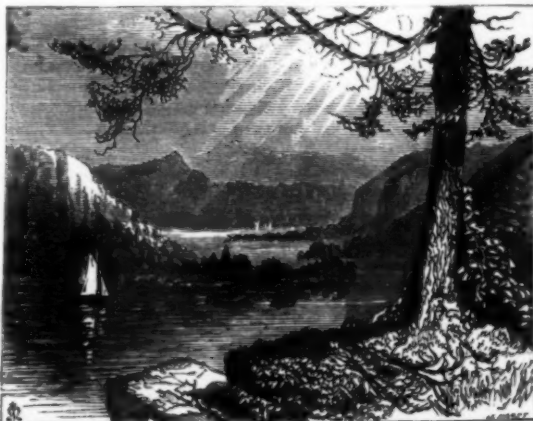
Nay; a something born of shadow
Slowly crept the landscape o'er—
Something weird o'er wave and meadow,
Something cold o'er stream and shore;
While on birds that gleamed or chanted,
Stole gray gloom and silence grim,
And the troubled wave-heart panted,

And the smiling heavens waxed dim
And from far strange spaces seaward,
Out of dreamy cloud-lands dun,
Came a low gust moaning leaward,
Chilling leaf and sun.



Then, from gloom to gloom intenser,
On the laboring streamlet rolled,
Where from cloud-racks gathered denser
Hark! the ominous thunder knolled!
While like ghosts that flit and shiver,
Down the mists from out the blast,
Spectral pinions crossed the river—
Spectral voices wailing passed!
Till the fierce tides rising starkly,
Blended, towering into one
Nightly wall of blackness, darkly
Quenching sky and sun!

Thence, to softer scenes it wandered,
Scents of flowers and airs of balm,
And methought the streamlet pondered,
Conscious of the blissful calm;
Slow it wound now, slow and slower
By still beach and ripply bight,
And the voice of waves sank lower,
Laden, languid with delight;
In and out the cordial river
Strayed in peaceful curves that won
Glory from the great Life-giver,
Beauty from the sun!



Thence again with quaintest ranges,
On the fateful streamlet rolled

Through unnumbered, nameless changes,
 Shade and sunshine, gloom and gold,
 Till the tides, grown sad and weary,
 Longed to meet the mightier main,
 And their low-toned *miserere*
 Mingled with his grand refrain;
 Oh, the languid, lapsing river,
 Weak of pulse and soft of tune—
 Lo! the sun hath set forever,
 Lo! the ghostly moon!



But thenceforth through moon and starlight
 Sudden-swift the streamlet's sweep;
 Yearning for the mystic far light,
 Pining for the solemn deep;
 While the old strength gathers o'er it,
 While the old voice rings sublime,
 And in pallid mist before it,
 Fade the phantom shows of time—
 Till with one last, eddying quiver,
 All its checkered journey done,
 Seaward breaks the ransomed river,
 Goal and grave are won!

A SUPPER WITH MARIE SEEBACH.

IT was quiet and cheerful in our editorial office; the sun, which always streamed in at the high window over the buildings opposite a little before three o'clock in the afternoon, had already gilded the tip of the nose of his blessed Majesty, the Emperor Joseph II., whose medallion portrait on the ceiling the chubby-cheeked stucco angels were bearing to heaven in so ticklish a manner that one could not but feel that it might at any moment fall upon one's head.

I had lighted my afternoon cigar, and Nazi, our editorial waiter, had just brought in my coffee from a neighboring coffee-house.

As he placed the cup before me, with a mysterious countenance, he said, in a hollow whisper, at the same time pointing over his shoulder with his thumb:

"She was there yesterday."

"What she?"

"The Fräulein Seebach—and I had to wait."

"What! the Seebach was there last evening, and they said nothing to me about it?"

"My master wished to invite you, but my lady said it would be as pleasant without you. I heard that, as master and mistress were talking to each other," said this faithful servant of the house.

Still it was abominable. He, our head editor, knew how I adored the actress; what long articles I had already written about her; and now to invite her, and not me!

Just at this moment the worthy Dr. Hessenauer himself, editor-in-chief of the *Eastern Times*, and betrayer of his critic, entered.

He liked, after dinner, when he found me with my coffee and a cigar, to light his own, and have a quiet chat.

All men are cheerful and communicative when they rise from the dinner-table and have eaten well.

So he touched his cigar, and began the conversation, in which I showed but little inclination to join, particularly as I at once saw that he had something of importance *in petto*.

At all events, there was something that I was to do; he had something to make out of me. I saw how carefully he beat about the bush, and amused myself savagely over it.

"Have you heard that on Tuesday the Seebach plays Adrienne Lecouvreur for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum?"

"Indeed," I said, calmly, "that is very generous of her."

"Yes; and, as she has already played twice for the poor, once for the Institute for the Blind, and now is to play for the orphans (and, at the advanced price of the tickets, this will bring in at least one thousand to twelve hundred florins), the city fathers have determined to give her a grand supper after the play, as a mark of their appreciation."

"Well, then you will have the best opportunity in the world for a perfect surfeit, just as you had lately," I said, coolly.

"And you as well as I," he answered, pleasantly. "Your name is also on the list of invited guests."

"Ah! shall I really be invited also? Then, perhaps, on this occasion, I shall be able to make the great *artiste's* acquaintance."

He saw at once what I alluded to.

"So that is the cause of your anger?" he said, as he leaned familiarly over my chair. "You are annoyed, my dear fellow, because the Seebach spent last evening with us, and you were not asked to meet her. But you know perfectly well what women are, and know my wife. Surely, I myself would gladly have had you here; and it is extremely foolish of you to bear a grudge against me for what is not my fault."

I now honestly confessed that I had felt hurt at not being invited, and, after we had talked the matter over at some length, I ended by asking straightforwardly what he still had upon his mind. And, sure enough, he did want something of me.

"You may imagine," he said, "that this is not to be merely a supper, a meal that could be supplied at three gulden; but there is a silver-laurel crown to be presented to her, on each leaf of which the name of one of her fifteen characters, with the appropriate date, will be inscribed. So you know—fifteen characters—fifteen leaves in the wreath."

"And what have I to do with this? Perhaps as a white-robed maiden to present the crown?"

"Not at all. Now, this is my idea: the last representation is for the Orphan Asylum; so we will get an orphan-boy somewhere, have him washed clean and dressed, and at the supper he shall present the crown with a poetic speech. The poem you must write."

"I—a poem! Are you mad?"

"Not in the least. You can write a very pretty poem on the spot. Come, you owe obedience to your chief, young man."

"No, for bounds there are to tyranny."

When the oppressed nowhere can his rights obtain,
 His spirit soars with trustful courage to the sky,
 And draws from thence eternal rights,
 Which hang inalienably there."

"Leave, if you please, your quotations from 'Tell,' and write me my poem. The situation is as simple as possible: Fräulein Seebach and the orphan-boy—the services rendered to the children of misery—not alone great in art, but with a heart for the suffering, etc. It lies ready prepared for you."

"Oh, lies ready prepared for the devil! But, if you will give me your word, doctor, that I shall be invited, I will write your poem for you."

"Agreed! And, if you will write it at once for me, I will send you the invitation to-morrow."

I tried to fancy the feelings of an orphan-boy toward Fräulein Seebach, and with labor and difficulty produced the desired poem, which was read, approved, and immediately sent to the office to be printed upon rose-colored satin.

Thereupon I thought this affair concluded; but I deceived myself.

The following day, about five o'clock, an elderly dame appeared, bringing with her a bright-looking boy of ten or twelve, and then departed.

My worthy chief now placed the little fellow before him, and addressed him in the following short but significant speech:

"See, my child, I have here a little poem of four verses—you have already learned many such by heart—and I also have here four apples, and four ten-cent pieces, with which one can buy many good and pleasant things. Now, I will repeat the poem to you till you have learned it by heart. Then, for each verse that you recite without a mistake, you shall have an apple and a ten-cent piece; but every time you are inattentive you shall have a box on the ear. So we will begin at once."

The child might well prefer apples and ten-cent pieces to a box on the ear. He learned, however, with astonishing rapidity; and, when the old woman came to take him away, my dreadful poetry seemed indelibly stamped upon his memory.

To his motherly friend he intrusted the four ten-cent pieces; the apples he carried himself; and it was also impressed upon her mind that during the next two days she must hear the boy continually repeat the poem, and also that on the evening of the eventful "day after to-morrow" she must see that his face was washed and his nose clean, as one might almost take it for granted that the much-to-be-envied little clown would be kissed by the great *artiste*.

He was provided for, and in good custody; and in quiet security I left the office.

On the morning of the second day, as I was taking my coffee at an early hour, I was surprised by a visitor.

He was a wealthy young art-enthusiast, who in his waste moments was also guilty of poetry. Could he even at such an early hour of the morning have felt designs upon me, and perhaps wish to read a drama or something aloud? At all events, something troubled him; and at length, after considerable preface, he came to the point.

He had also addressed a poem to the *Fräulein Seebach*. But it was not enough for this aspiring poetaster that his ideal alone should read the verses dedicated to her—no! the whole town should read them. He wished to have a number of copies sent flying through the theatre in the evening.

"Well, they will let you throw them," I said, somewhat coldly, for I was annoyed at this competition.

"I beg your indulgence; but I know that two different poems will be thrown from the boxes. Also, some unknown person has conceived a grand idea: at the close of 'Adrienne,' a couple of hundred portraits of the actress will be thrown into the parquette; they were shown to me by the person commissioned to prepare the photographs. So I, with my verses, would be entirely lost."

"I have an idea," I said, hesitatingly, "a splendid idea, which you shall have when I have read your poem, if I find that it is worth it."

I read the verses. They were, at all events, better than my orphan-boy poetry.

"This poem is not bad; so you shall have my idea gratis.—What do you think of the chandelier?"

"What do I think of the chandelier?" said the puzzled poet.

"Yes, to be sure; we will throw it down from the chandelier. Any one can throw a poem from the boxes—that has often been done already—but from the chandelier poems have never flown; we shall be the first to do it. Think how astonished the public would be, if suddenly from the secret and eternally dark hole above the chandelier a shower of many-colored leaves should fall! Hey?"

"The idea is splendid, original; but how could we carry it out? how get at the roof?"

"Let that be my business: a journalist has free access everywhere, even to the garret of a play-house. But do you have the poem ready, and let it be printed upon different-colored papers—the more colors, the better the impression. We will meet to-morrow evening, in the lobby, after the second act, and go up together."

The momentous evening arrived. I had duly received my invitation to the supper, which was to be given at the conclusion of the play in the best hotel of the town. I calmly awaited the development of affairs.

My worthy chief seemed more disturbed than I had ever seen him. He acted so strangely toward me that I felt most really anxious, and once he even addressed me as "Most honored *Fräulein*." Then he suddenly disappeared into the editorial *sanctum*, and I could hear the sound of loud speaking. I slipped to the door and listened.

"Most honored *Fräulein*, who, on this joyful evening, will celebrate in the most beautiful manner—"

The unfortunate man was certainly studying a speech; the orphan-boy was not enough, he had also to give a toast. To such exertions had the lovely enchantress inspired the gray-haired old journalist, until now utterly invulnerable to all gentler impressions.

The deepest compassion seized me; the man who studies a speech is to be pitied!

I went to the theatre, leaving my friend to his Demosthenian performance.

In front of the doors of the house, as far as the eye could reach, extended one mass of human beings. With the conscious security, which, in such a crowd, nothing can give but the presence in one's pocket of a ticket to "reserved seat, number so-and-so," I pressed on to the confectioner's to enjoy some ice-cream till the play began.

When I entered the house, it was so densely crowded, that one almost feared the consequences.

At last, at last she comes!

She was received with thunders of applause, which seemed unending, and increased from scene to scene. At the close of the second act, I went behind the scenes to meet a friendly actor, who had joined in our chandelier-plot, and had undertaken to conduct us to the regions which lay above this paradise.

Hardly had I reached the side-scenes, when "Adrienne" Seebach rushed past me, coming from the eventful supper at the prince's palace. Alas! she did not favor me even with a glance; I who, for the last few days, had thought of nothing but glorifying her!

Maurice Count de Saxe, who was lounging about the wings, had the kindness to conduct me through the confusion of scenery, the shifting walls of the prince's splendid saloon, to my friend, who immediately called one of the servants of the theatre, and, the latter arming himself with a lantern and a bunch of keys, we set forth. Beyond, we found our young enthusiast groaning under a great package of his poems; he joined us, and we began the ascent.

How long we were in mounting the staircase, or how many steps there were, I do not now remember; enough that we passed through most remarkable places, and entered at last a totally dark space, in the floor of which an immense circle of light shone like a meteor; at the same time we could hear a low, confused murmur—we had reached our goal.

A few steps more brought us to a well-like, circular opening in the floor, the hot, suffocating air from which struck us. It was the large hole above the chandelier, whose size we could now estimate for the first time. The bottom of the opening was covered with a heavy iron lattice, so that one might fall in, indeed, but could not fall through.

If we wished to throw our poems down, we should be obliged to lie flat on our faces, and, with outstretched arms, put them through the lattice, a position not by any means advantageous to my black dress suit. I made a modest observation on the subject, but my poet consoled me, and stood surety for all damage.

We had still time to spare, and could not do better than follow the run of the piece. We could hear every word, but every thing looked strangely.

They were now at the great scene with Michonnet the *Régisseur*; then came the casket with the momentous bouquet; then the poisoning, Maurice Count de Saxe rushes in—the joy of love—the agony of death. She dies; the curtain falls, and then followed such thunders and storms of applause that the bats around us became mutinous.

The applause was interrupted by a loud "Ah!" then renewed cheers.

"That is the second poem; do you see how they catch at them? The first one we missed."

The curtain rose; the actress came forward.

"They are throwing the photographs; now comes our turn! Gentlemen, be ready! When I say, 'Let go,' we will drop them, but scatter them by degrees, not too large a package at once."

For the third time the curtain drew up. The Seebach spoke a few words of "thanks and farewell."

"Let go!" cried the poet, and, at the instant, down through the lattice fluttered our poems—green, red, yellow, blue, and white. It looked brilliantly from above, and we were urged to renewed exertions by the cheers of the crowd, who eagerly caught at the whirling leaves.

We all three, lying at full length on the floor, continued to slip the little packets through the lattice, the leaves scattering as they fell.

We were now quickly ready, and, on descending, had some consolation for our ruined toilets, for everywhere on the stairs and in the

corridors, we met people with our many-colored poems, reading eagerly.

In the green-room we quickly freed ourselves from all traces of our late expedition, and proceeded to the supper-room of the hotel. Here we found a crowd of gentlemen, with black coats and solemn countenances, who impressed me with the idea that the worthy company had assembled for the funeral of the poisoned Adrienne Lecouvreur, but not for a festive supper.

My worthy chief started forward, and shook me convulsively by the hand, asking questions about a number of things, but never once waiting for an answer; in short, he was in a strange, excited state, which I alone could have accounted for.

We waited some time for our illustrious guest. The transformation from Adrienne Lecouvreur to Marie Seebach, receiving farewell visits in the green-room, the many "douceurs" which must be given—all took time.

At length a carriage rattled to the door, and the actress, then in her freshest bloom, basking in the first glory of her fame, ever bright, ever fascinating, ever lovely, entered the saloon.

Immediately, a great circle was formed around her, and a monster presentation began; but it was suddenly interrupted by the charming girl, as she saw the aged Laroche enter, led in to attend the supper by his old friend Holtei.

Marie Seebach ran to meet the two old men, in so affectionate a manner, that we *dii minorum gentium*, who could only look on while she embraced Laroche and Holtei, felt our mouths water.

Then, the monster presentation continued uninterruptedly. A throng of equally insignificant estimable human beings were individually introduced to the Fräulein, in order that she might greet them with a gracious smile.

At last the supper began. I had a splendid place. On my right sat the clever Princess de Bouillon of the play, an early friend of our guest; and on my left Dr. Hessenauer had placed himself, perhaps with the sad presentiment that in coming events it would be as well to have a friend near. The old gentleman was, contrary to his wont, unpleasantly talkative, which filled me with care and anxiety. It seemed to me that the moment of danger was not far distant, for, after the supper, the first toast to our illustrious guest was to be given.

Meantime, the supper went forward; my friend moved restlessly about in his chair; great drops stood upon his cold forehead, and his evident anxiety began to affect me also. Heavens! if the editorial staff was disgraced! I, as a member of it, in this state of doubt, could not taste a morsel of the rich bill of fare.

"What is the matter with Dr. Hessenauer to-night?" asked my lovely neighbor. "He is evidently unwell; look at his face; he suffers—"

"Yes, Fräulein, he suffers from a toast, and an orphan-boy," I answered, softly.

At this moment my worthy chief sprang from his chair with such vehemence that all eyes were turned upon him with astonishment. What could be the matter with the man? something terrible must have happened.

The general anxiety which was naturally caused at a friendly supper by the fearful crash of the overturned chair, and the wild springing into the air, without any conceivable reason, on the part of the old gentleman, was quickly allayed as the wild man modestly tingled his glass with his knife, and, with downcast eyes, and a soft voice, said:

"Gentlemen, I beg you, fill your glasses."

This request was responded to with zeal, and the doctor began:

"Most honored Fräulein! This evening, which began in so joyous a manner—"

I suffered the agony of the infernal regions; if he would only go on, for Heaven's sake! He began with fatal bashfulness, as if he wished to make the "most honored Fräulein" a proposal of marriage; and then concentrated his looks upon his supper-plate, as if the Fräulein Seebach sat there, and not opposite to him.

But things mended; after some stuttering, which was successfully conquered, the stream of words flowed unhesitatingly from his lips; one could at once see that the man had learned his speech well.

It came to the close—a critical pause.

"There he will remain, you will see! there he will remain!" I groaned, as I seized my fair neighbor's arm in my agony.

"Heaven defend me, but you hurt me so that I almost screamed; let go my arm," she answered.

But he did finish his speech successfully; the editorial staff might continue its supper in peace, for it had covered itself with glory; the toast was enthusiastically received.

Now, the toasts might come; we could look at all things complacently. Two sighs of the deepest contentment rose to the ceiling of the hall—one from mine, and one from the worthy doctor's breast—as, with a lightened heart, and the feeling that he had done a good deed, he sat down.

Nor was the deed unappreciated; he had opened the flood-gates, and the stream of restrained toasts, rhymed and unrhymed, poured forth. Between-whiles, there was brave eating and braver drinking.

I was so much occupied with my charming neighbor, that I did not notice, for some time, that all my worthy chief's anxiety had not been removed; he was now, with darkly-brooding, troubled countenance, morosely eating a piece of pastry.

"Good Heavens, doctor! have you still a toast *in petto*, that you look so melancholy? You really destroy one's whole appetite with your misanthropical looks."

"The orphan-boy makes me uneasy," growled the doctor; "if I was almost brought to a stand, the confounded little rascal will never get through."

"The wreath with the orphan-boy will come in with the desert and champagne, and then we shall all be so jolly, that no disturbance will take place if he does not get through," said I, consolingly.

"The boy is already outside. They have dressed him very nicely and his nose is clean. My only anxiety is that he may fall asleep; but against that I have taken every precaution."

"I am anxious to know what precautions. The affair is very critical; it is now an hour past midnight, and we shall not reach the dessert before two o'clock; and, if such a child once gets asleep, no human being can wake him. But what have you done to keep his faculties unimpaired?"

"I had him put to bed to-day at twelve o'clock, and there he had to sleep until nine this evening. Then he was taken up, washed, and dressed. About ten, I sent Nazi to bring him, and now they are both in the room opposite. I sent Nazi a flask of wine, and cakes and coffee to the child; and Nazi has the strictest orders to hear him repeat the four verses of his poem."

I applauded these wise arrangements; and could, satisfied on this head, devote myself with more assiduity to my right-hand neighbor.

She related many incidents of her own and her friend's life, which sounded strangely amid the roar of merriment around us.

There was a long pause between the courses. Two torchlight processions entered the wide space before the hotel, from opposite sides. At this late hour of the night, the roaring, surging sea of human beings, lighted by the numerous torches, formed a strange picture.

The greater part of the guests went to the windows. Marie Seebach stood on the balcony; from below, the strains of military music rose cheerfully up; from above, the eternal stars gazed down in amazement on the strange, unquiet autumn night.

When the band finished, there was a splendid chorus of male voices, that stirred the heart. And for whom was all this rejoicing?

Not for the glory of a crown, not for the majesty of a monarch; no, for a simple young girl, who but a few years ago had struggled with hunger and sorrow, poverty and care; but who had understood how, without connections, without other means than those she bore within her, to weave for herself the true crown of God-given genius; to twine the evergreen laurel of art amid the locks of her hair.

We stepped back from the window, the actress and myself. The beautiful young girl was strangely moved, and her voice trembled.

"I know you will not misunderstand me," she said, "though tears are in my eyes. They are tears of joy and of sorrow. Indeed, I am not jealous; I love Marie so dearly, and from my heart wish her all happiness. But I cannot but remember the years of Nuremberg and Regensburg; and, even now, the by-gone scenes come so vividly before me that I cannot turn from them. I see again the square where the theatre stood in Nuremberg, and, opposite, the solemn old church of St. Lorenzo, whose deep-toned bell we so often listened for, to hasten us away to rehearsal, or to the play. How familiar the old houses of the rich merchants on the square look; how often

have we hurried by them, wet and freezing, and envied the rich people within!

"The omnibus stands at the door of the theatre; how often have we mounted the steps at two o'clock in the afternoon, to drive to Fürth to play there; and have returned at one o'clock at night, cold, hungry, and over-tired! They were sad and yet happy days to us.

"We played at Nuremberg, Fürth, and Erlangen, and our life was really only a journey between the three towns. To me it all seems but yesterday.

"Marie and I had but one great desire: each to possess a train dress of cotton velvet. To have money enough for this, we had saved and suffered, yes, even from hunger itself. Marie had at last saved eight gulden; I only five. I must therefore wait a little longer; but I could help Marie to buy her dress, and that would be a foretaste of my own happiness. We went to Fürth, because in Fürth we could get every thing much better and cheaper than in Nuremberg.

"But this time we went in the rail-cars, and not in that dreadful old omnibus. Oh, what a delightful feeling it was, to travel by railroad; we were there in ten minutes, whereas, in the theatre-omnibus, we were jolted over the rough high-road for a full hour.

"It cost twelve kreutzers there and back; and I deliberated earnestly beforehand, whether I should sacrifice these twelve kreutzers to the railroad and my friendship for Marie, or not.

"We reached Fürth, and looked through all the stores, in order to get the handsomest dress possible for our eight gulden. Alas! it was not enough; and I still remember how indignant Marie was over the expensive goods, and at the sharp clerks. We had visited at least twenty shops in vain, putting up with all sorts of speeches from the clerks we had troubled for nothing.

"At last we found, at an old Jew's, a remnant of black cotton-velvet, on which, after long haggling, he reduced the price. At first he swore by his salvation, his house, his children, that he could not sell us the remnant, which was exactly what we wanted, under nine gulden. We did not give way, but took a firm stand; our eight gulden must do, for really we had no more.

"But the stiff-necked Jew yielded to Marie's powers of persuasion; the stuff was really taken by conquest.

"We sewed the whole night long, that we might finish the velvet dress by the next representation of some piece—I have forgotten what—in which Marie was to accompany a princess, as lady of the court.

"How proudly she swept out before the foot-lights in her black velvet, and with what feelings I stood at the wing and looked after her!"

We heard not the noise around us; I sat and gazed at the actress, in whose large, beautiful eyes still shone the light of by-gone days—but they grew sad with a mist of tears as she continued:

"Then came sad days. Marie's mother took sick, pined slowly away, and died. I was in trouble also, for I had run away from my parents, and I now received news that they were both dead. This was at Regensburg; we were there really only as chorus-singers, but now and then some small part fell to us. We lived together, and our friendship was as close as ever. The feeling of being forsaken, of standing alone in the world, united us, and bound us to each other. We dreamed together of the time when we should be great actresses.

"Marie used to write songs, pious little poems to the memory of her beloved mother; tender tributes of a child's love, laid on the forgotten grave of the poor, heavily-tried sufferer. I composed the music, and we used often to sing them together, and weep, ah, such bitter tears."

"Madge, dear Madge," a clear, beautiful voice interrupted the actress; and her friend stood before her, holding out her glass. "Good Heavens! have you tears in your eyes, to-day, at such a joyous feast? What is the matter?"

"I was thinking of Regensburg, Marie," said the friend, smiling through her tears. "Oh, if she had but lived to see this day!"

I could not be so unfeeling as to disturb them, but I heard the clear voice say softly as they touched their glasses: "To the sleepers under the sod;" and I saw tears in the eyes of both.

My neighbor had left me; her friend had taken her with her. Dr. Hessenauer had also disappeared, so I sat alone. Can we, who sit securely in the lap of comfort, form a just idea of the struggles of

these two young actresses, alone and unassisted, to attain that position in life which they had won? And now never again—

The sound of the champagne-cork striking the ceiling, and Dr. Hessenauer, who suddenly appeared before me like a ghost, awoke me from my dreams.

"Now the little wretch is to be let loose," he whispered to me; "he knows his poem splendidly. God grant it may all go well!"

Again was heard the lively jingle of the glasses; with one movement the company rose to their feet, and the uninitiated looked with astonishment at the stately procession which now slowly entered the hall; and even I was surprised at the pomp with which my work was introduced upon the scene.

At the head marched two of the city fathers with white vests, white neckerchiefs, and solemn, stupid faces. Behind them in his holiday clothes, very clean and fresh, and looking very much puzzled, came the orphan-boy; he carried a cushion, on which lay a crown of silver laurel-leaves, and under it something rose-colored, which, of course, must be my poem. Then followed two more city fathers, with the same sort of vests, the same sort of neckties, and the same sort of faces! In the background, at the open door, grinned the highly-fuddled countenance of the orphan-boy-tamer, Nazi.

The procession paused before the astonished Fräulein Seebach, and the city fathers at once presented their illustrious guest, with the orphan-boy, cushion, poem, laurel-crown, and all, leaving the little fellow to get himself out of the affair as best he might. He, however, peeped at the actress with wonder and admiration, appearing utterly unconscious of his high mission.

Dr. Hessenauer trembled from head to foot with rage; I watched every thing with immense amusement.

At length certain ideas of duty seemed to dawn upon the child, and he began, correctly enough:

"We poor orphan children,
We come to thee, and have—"

There he stopped, began again, came again to "have"—and again stopped.

The little scamp could get no further, and the presentation of the laurel-crown, introduced with so much effect, was spoiled.

But the child was not so stupid but what he could help himself; once more he began:

"We poor orphan children,
We come to thee, and have—"

There you have them all; on that sheet of silk are the other four verses which I have forgotten!" blurted out the child.

"Oh, you darling!" cried the actress. One now saw how necessary my orders had been, for she caught him in her arms and kissed him heartily.

The table was then cleared of the remaining confectionery by the actress and her friend, who tied it up in a napkin, and gave it to the little fellow, who was again kissed and given in charge to the waiting Nazi, but followed by the poor doctor's curses.

The old poet Holtei had, meantime, taken pity upon the unfortunate poem, and read aloud the copy printed upon red satin, which had been laid beneath the laurel-crown, and then, amid the cheers of the company, placed the wreath on the fair locks of the actress.

She stood thus for a moment, now flushed, now pale, with intense pleasure and excitement; then, tearing the laurel from her brow, she hastened to the aged Laroche, the greatest artist of Hofberg, who from a distance had been a silent but not unmoved spectator of the scene, and laid the crown upon his head; then, throwing her arms round the old man, she burst into tears.

Now the cheers broke forth with unrestrained vehemence, amid the fanfare of the music and the shots of the champagne-corks.

When the uproar had somewhat abated, Dr. Hessenauer, taking my arm, and my fair neighbor my hand, they led me to Fräulein Seebach. The doctor, evidently inspired by the spirit of champagne, prepared himself for a long speech, stammered something about an orphan-boy of the editorial staff, meaning me—something about taking the will for the deed—good intentions, but weak poetry, etc.; in short, I was presented in an extraordinary manner, over which I have many a time laughed heartily with her since.

About four o'clock in the morning we gave our guest a splendid escort to the railway depot; and so closed this memorable supper—a pleasant reminiscence from the joyous, happy days of youth.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

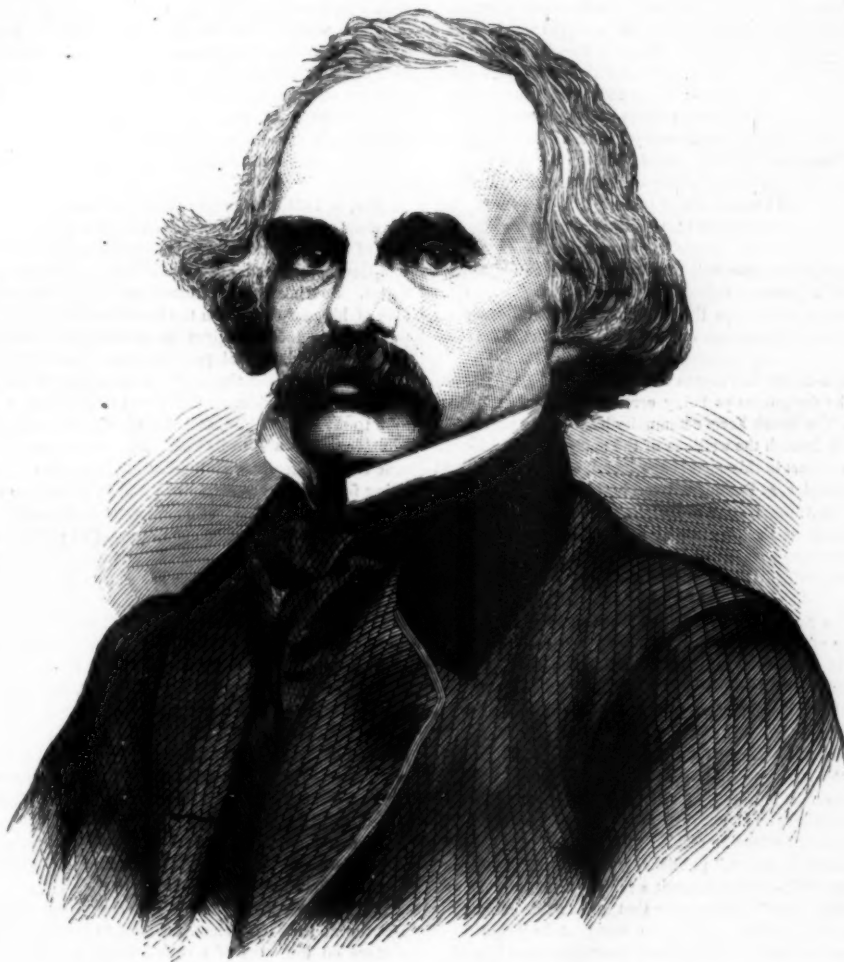
MORE than two centuries ago, the ancestors of Nathaniel Hawthorne emigrated from England and settled in Salem, Massachusetts. The first Hawthorne was a man of note in his time, soldier, legislator, judge, a ruler in the church, a persecutor of Quakers, and conspicuous in the bloody delusion of the Salem witchcraft. Then, for generations, still inhabitants of this quaint old town, his descendants followed the sea; "a gray-haired ship-master, in each generation, retiring from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt spray and the gale which had blustered against his sire and grandsire." Hawthorne's father followed in the steps of his ancestors and died a shipmaster, at Havana, in 1810, of yellow fever.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born in Salem, on the 4th of July, 1804, and here passed the years of his early youth. Throughout life, as we see in almost every page of his writings, the memories of this queer little New-England city seem to have exercised a strange fascination over his imagination; "for," as he says, "this long connection of a family with one spot, as its place of birth and burial, creates a kindred between the human being and the locality, quite independent of any charm in the scenery or moral circumstances that surround him." His mother's maiden name was Manning, and she, prostrated by grief at the death of her husband, remained for the rest of her life in entire retirement and seclusion. For more than a third of a century she took her meals alone in her chamber, and seldom saw the face of a man.

When about ten years of age Hawthorne was sent, on account of his delicate health, to reside with a relative on the banks of the beautiful Lake Sebago, in the State of Maine. Then, after fitting for college at Salem, he entered Bowdoin College, in the class graduating in 1825, in which were Longfellow and George B. Cheever. In the next class was Franklin Pierce, a life-long friend. Another of these college friends was Lieutenant Horatio Bridge, of the navy, of whom, in the dedication to one of the volumes of his works, he says that he, if anybody, is responsible for his being an author. "I know not whence your faith came, still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny,

that he was to be a writer of fiction."

From college he returned to Salem, where for years he seems to have passed in his old homestead a life of seclusion, study, and meditation. "Here," he writes, long years after, "I sit in my old, accustomed chamber, where I used to sit in days gone by. Here I have written many tales, many that have been burned to ashes, many that doubtless deserved a better fate. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

would ever know me at all—at least till I were in my grave." Some of these tales were published in the newspapers and periodicals of the time, some in an annual called *The Token*, edited by S. G. Goodrich, the famous "Peter Parley." Another of the contributors to *The Token* was N. P. Willis, whose reputation rapidly grew, so that in a very little while he became one of the most popular writers of the time. Hawthorne's fame was of a slower but surer growth. His tales, however, attracted more attention than he then imagined in the minds of refined and cultivated readers, who have been often surprised at recognizing, in the collected editions of his writings, the strange and wonderful stories that have

lingered, by some unaccountable charm, in their memories through many years. After all, the world was scarcely to blame for its ignorance of an author who burned so much and printed so little. In 1832 he published a novel anonymously, which he has never claimed nor included among his works. In 1837, he collected some of his stories and published them under the title of "Twice-told Tales," and from this date, instead of being, as he has called himself, "the obscurest man of letters in America," he quickly became famous; was pronounced by Longfellow, in the *North American Review*, to be "a man of genius and a true poet;" and, by the time the second edition was issued in 1842, he was generally recognized as one of the most remarkable writers of the day.

Being of the Democratic faith in politics, Hawthorne, in 1838, was appointed by the historian George Bancroft, at that time Collector of the Port of Boston, a weigher and gauger in the custom-house; and, in this uncongenial position, engaged, from day to day, in weighing and measuring coal, salt, and other commodities of like nature, did the author of "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Marble Faun" pass three years on the docks and in the holds of dingy coasters, moored by the muddy wharves of Boston. It was a tedious and irksome life. He writes in March, 1840: "I pray that in one year more I may find some way of escaping from this unblest custom-house; for it is a very grievous thralldom. I do detest all offices—all, at least, that are held on a political tenure. And I want nothing to do with politicians." Yet he also said that he would not imply that he was "unhappy or discontented, for that is not the case. Years hence, perhaps, the experience that my heart is acquiring now will flow out in truth and wisdom." In 1841, the desired release, as welcome as was Charles Lamb's from the India House, came to him, on the accession of General Harrison to the presidency, when Hawthorne was removed, to make place for a Whig.

From the custom-house Hawthorne went to Brook Farm, and entered upon what he designates as being certainly the most romantic episode of his life. The Brook Farm community has become pretty well known to the world through the writings of the many remarkable men and women who took part in this social experiment, which was initiated in 1842, by George Ripley, at Roxbury. Here, besides Hawthorne, were G. W. Curtis, Charles A. Dana, John S. Dwight, Burton the poet, W. H. Channing, with Theodore Parker close at hand, and a host of other congenial spirits, men and women; and here, with these, he "belabored the rugged furrows, milked the cows, took part in the Augean labors of clearing out a wood-shed, and the other rustic labors essential to the carrying on of a New-England farm." Pleasant as the new labor and companionship of kindred souls was at first, he soon tired of it, and found that the life gave him an antipathy to pen and ink, even more than his custom-house experience did. "Even that," says he, "was not such a thralldom and weariness; my mind and heart were free. Oh, labor is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionably brutified! Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not."

So, after no long time, he shook the dust of Brook Farm from his feet and went to Boston, where he resided till 1843.

In the "Blithedale Romance," published in 1852, the author says that "many readers will probably suspect a faint and not very faithful shadowing of Brook Farm." Not denying that he had this community in his mind when writing the romance, he says that he "considered the institution itself as not less fairly the subject of fictitious handling, than the imaginary personages whom he has introduced there." So the wonderful characters of this beautiful tale are entirely fictitious. "The self-concentrated philanthropist; the high-spirited woman, bruising herself against the narrow limitations of her sex; the weakly maiden, whose tremulous nerves endow her with sibylline attributes; the minor poet, beginning life with strenuous aspirations, which die out with his youthful fervor—all these might have been looked for at Brook Farm; but, by some accident, never made their appearance there."

In the year 1843 he married Miss Sophia Peabody, removed to Concord, and took up his residence in the old parsonage that stands upon the battle-ground of the 19th of April, 1776. Here were written the "Mosses from an Old Manse," another series of short tales. In the introductory paper, "The Old Manse," the author makes the reader acquainted with his abode. "A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men, from time to time, had dwelt

in it; and children born in its chambers had grown up to assume the priestly character." In the little study looking out upon the peacefully-flowing Concord River, through waving willows, and across the orchard, from the very windows of which the old parson had watched the battle between the redcoats and his parishioners—in this little study, where Emerson wrote "Nature," for he was then an inhabitant of the Manse, Hawthorne wrote the "Mosses." Here he mused over the old battle-ground, peering into the depths of the sluggish stream to discover fragments of the timbers of the old bridge across which that fight was fought; here he tilled his little kitchen-garden; here, with Channing or Thoreau, in their little boat, he explored the gentle currents of the Concord and the Assabet; here he strolled and talked with Emerson and Channing and Thoreau and Alcott and Lowell and Longfellow (what friends for one man to call his own!); here his first child was born; here he dwelt for three happy years. "In fairy-land," he wrote, "there is no measurement of time; and, in a spot so sheltered from the turmoil of life's ocean, three years hastened away with a noiseless flight, as the breezy sunshine chases the cloud-shadows across a still valley." Then came hints, growing more and more distinct, that the owner of the old house was pining for his native air. Carpenters and painters attacked it, and Hawthorne was suddenly translated from the "Old Manse" to the Salem Custom-House.

For, in 1846, on the return of the Democratic party to power, by the election of Mr. Polk to the presidency, Mr. Bancroft became Secretary of the Navy, and he, mindful of his old friend in the Boston Custom-House, procured his appointment as Surveyor of the Port of Salem. So Hawthorne returned to his native town, and took possession of his new office. In the introduction to "The Scarlet Letter," published in 1850, he gives an amusing account of the quaint old town, and of his official position and surroundings during the four years that he passed there. "I took it in good part," he tells us, "at the hands of Providence, that I was thrown into a position so little akin to my past habits, and set myself seriously to gather from it whatever profit was to be had. After my fellowship of toil and impracticable schemes with the dreamy brethren of Brook Farm; after living for three years within the subtle influence of an intellect like Emerson's; after those wild, free days on the Assabet, indulging fantastic speculations, beside our fire of fallen boughs, with Ellery Channing; after talking with Thoreau about pine-trees and Indian relics, in his hermitage at Walden; after growing fastidious by sympathy with the classic refinement of Hillard's culture; after becoming imbued with poetic sentiment at Longfellow's hearthstone—it was time, at length, that I should exercise other faculties of my nature, and nourish myself with food for which I had hitherto had little appetite." So, buckling down to the uncongenial toil, he became in time, as he understood, as good a surveyor as need be. In the midst of it all, he gathered the germs of the story of "The Scarlet Letter;" but so little adapted did he "find the atmosphere of a custom-house to the delicate harvest of fancy and sensibility," that no fruit came of the seeds that were sown here, and he sought in vain, while this official life lasted, to bring to light the creatures of his fancy. At last, on the election of General Taylor, the happy release again came to him; and, in the changes of the new Administration, he tells us that his own head was the first that fell.

"The Scarlet Letter" was soon completed, and published in 1850. Hawthorne then left Salem, removed to Lenox, in Berkshire, to a red cottage on the bank of a little lake known as the Stockbridge Bowl. The success of "The Scarlet Letter" was immediate and very great, placing Hawthorne at once in the foremost rank of living authors, and giving apparently the stimulus to his own nature which it had so long needed. "The House of the Seven Gables," written during his residence in Lenox, quickly followed, being published in 1851, and "The Blithedale Romance," of which we have already spoken, in April, 1852.

In the "Passages from American Note-Books" (published since his death), we get charming glimpses of the life at Lenox—real word-pictures of the beautiful nature of that lovely region, the glimmer of the lake, the mists of Monument Mountain, the autumn woods, the winter sunsets; of his walks and sports with his children, in whom he took such great delight; of the friends who came to visit him—Holmes, Fields, the Sedgwicks, Lowell, Melville, Whipple, and a host of others.

During his residence in Lenox, Hawthorne published another col-

lection of his tales, under the title of "The Snow Image," dedicated to his old friend, Lieutenant Bridge, of whom he there says that it was through his interposition that he was brought before the public somewhat more prominently than before in the first volume of "Twice-told Tales."

Then came two volumes of tales for children: "True Stories from History and Biography," in which he has presented some incidents of early American history in a style adapted to the minds of young readers, and the "Wonder Book for Girls and Boys," in which he has clothed in a new dress some of the old fables of Greek and Roman mythology, with the same exquisite felicity with which he has made real to older minds the early traditions and annals of our own land. Interspersed among these fables, and serving as a connecting thread, we find more sketches of the charming life that he was leading in Lenox, and of the beautiful scenery by which he was surrounded, and in which he took such delight.

In less than two years this pleasant life came to an end, and, having purchased an estate in Concord, formerly occupied by Mr. Alcott, he removed there in 1852. To his new habitation, which by the good taste of Mr. Alcott had been adorned with graceful rustic summer-houses, and diversified by terraces and pleasant arbors, Hawthorne gave the name of "The Wayside"—"a bench upon the road," said Curtis, in describing this new home, "where he sits for a while before passing on. If the wayfarer finds him upon that bench, he shall have rare pleasure in sitting with him, yet shudder while he stays. For the pictures of our poet have more than the shadows of Rembrandt. If you listen to his story, the lonely pastures and dull towns of our dear old homely New England shall become suddenly as radiant with grace and terrible with tragedy as any country and any time."

Another volume of productions of classic fables—"Tanglewood Tales," a continuation of the "Wonder Book"—was published in 1853, the introductory chapter being dated from The Wayside, in March of that year.

Here, during the presidential campaign which resulted in the election of Franklin Pierce, Hawthorne wrote the life of his old college-friend, who was, indeed, fortunate in having such a biographer; and soon after his entrance upon office our author was rewarded for this labor by his appointment to the consulate at Liverpool—one of the most lucrative consular positions in the gift of the government—and, abandoning his newly-acquired home, he repaired to his post in 1853, his literary labors being thus, for the third time in his life, interrupted by his appointment to the uncongenial duties of an official position.

In a volume entitled "Our Old Home, a Series of English Sketches," published in 1863, and dedicated "To Franklin Pierce, as a slight memorial of a college-friendship, prolonged through manhood, and retaining all its vitality in our autumnal years," Mr. Hawthorne has given, in the opening paper—"Consular Experiences"—an amusing account of some features of his official career in Liverpool, and of "the dusky and stifled chamber in which I wearily," as he tells us, "spent a considerable portion of more than four good years of my existence. When my successor arrived," he continues, "I drew the long, delightful breath which first made me thoroughly sensible what an unnatural life I had been leading, and compelled me to admire myself for having battled with it so sturdily."

In 1857 he resigned his position, and, released from these irksome duties, he then spent several years in travel in different parts of Europe, and resided for a good while in Rome.

Returning home, he again took up his abode at The Wayside in Concord, where he spent the remainder of his days. His health now began to fail; and in the spring of 1864 he set out on a journey through New Hampshire, with his old friend, ex-President Pierce. The journey was scarcely begun, when it was seen that he was almost too feeble to pursue it. Having gone no farther than to the Pemigewasset House, in the beautiful town of Plymouth, Hawthorne retired for the night; and in the next morning of the 19th of May, 1864, he was found dead in his bed, having passed away in the night, as it would seem, peacefully and without a pang.

Hawthorne seems to have been from early youth, by nature, a silent and a solitary man. Curtis thus describes him as present at an "aesthetic tea" at Emerson's: "Whatever fancies it inspired did not flower at his lips. But there was a light in his eye which assured me that nothing was lost. So supreme was his silence that it presently engrossed me to the exclusion of every thing else. There was very

brilliant discourse; but this silence was much more poetic and fascinating." And elsewhere he says that "his sympathy was so broad and sure that, although nothing had been said for hours, his companion knew that not a thing had escaped his eye, nor had a single pulse of beauty in the day or scene or society failed to thrill his heart. In this way his silence was most social. Every thing seemed to have been said. It was a Barmecide feast of discourse, from which a greater satisfaction resulted than from an actual banquet."

Few men have written, in our day, of such true originality and genius as Nathaniel Hawthorne. He seized upon the dry and barren scenes and traditions of New-England life, which to most minds seemed utterly destitute of all features of poetry or romance, and, touching them with the magic of his fancy, transformed them into realms of beauty and chronicles of wild mystery that are scarcely surpassed in the pages of any fiction that has been written in any time. The chambers of his tales are crowded with many grim and ghastly visions; they are full of moth and rust, of cobwebs and thick-piled dust; the atmosphere is often heavy with suggestions of horror, and the reader advances with a thrill of terror. But there are also everywhere passages of wonderful and tender beauty, descriptions as minute in detail as the rarest photographs, bringing back the old time and the men and women who lived in it as vividly and lifelike as the people whom the reader meets in his every-day walks.

And all through his writings is a suggestion of the supernatural, even in the homeliest and most familiar scenes of our every-day life. So that even in the Old Manse, plain, rural New-England parsonage as it was, he heard the ghost of the departed old minister heave deep sighs in the corner of the parlor, and turn the leaves of his ghostly sermons in the long entry, where the rustle of his silk gown seemed to sweep "through the very midst of the company so closely as almost to brush the very chairs." Thus, old Boston and old Salem streets and houses were peopled by his fancy with ghostly presences, that stand out before us in his descriptions so vividly that we can scarcely help seeing them when we visit the places that they inhabited.

So it is small wonder that, after long residence abroad, especially in Italy, Hawthorne should find in the gloomy mysteries of old Rome, among its ruins crowded with the buried secrets of centuries, its soil from which rises up wherever you may chance to turn it some long-hidden relic of a by-gone age—in Rome, whose broken pavements have trembled with the tread of the armies of the Cæsars, whose palace-walls are peopled thick with guilty secrets—in Rome, where Nature is so beautiful, where Art is so sublime—it is little wonder that he should have found new inspirations, and that, with such material to work with, the genius that had transformed to shapes of beauty and romance the homely history and life of New England should have produced his greatest and last work—"The Marble Faun."

In the "Passages from American Note-Books," edited by Mrs. Hawthorne, and published in two volumes in 1868, we find many interesting hints and sketches of what we have elsewhere seen fully worked out into the plot or circumstance of tales familiar to us—the first germs of the thoughts elsewhere perfectly elaborated. Much of these volumes is of the nature of a diary, giving the material from which to fill up the story of his life, and glimpses into his own inner nature, which are of the highest interest. Very charming are all the entries touching his rural life at Brook Farm, at Concord, at Lenox, and those pages in which he describes the days passed at the Isles of Shoals, and the little tour in the western part of Massachusetts in 1838.

Equally interesting are his "English Note-Books," which were edited by his wife, and published in two volumes in the present year. Like the "American Note-Books," they reveal so much of the author's character as to serve the purposes of an autobiography. We can gather from them nearly all that we are likely ever to know of Hawthorne's life and conversation, and can readily form from them a tolerably accurate idea of their writer. The "Italian Note-Books," which will in due time be published, will doubtless add somewhat to our knowledge in this respect by exhibiting Hawthorne in contact with far more foreign and unfamiliar scenes and persons than those by which he was surrounded in England.

In a notice of the "English Note-Books" in the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. G. S. Hillard, of Boston, who was probably better acquainted than any other man with Hawthorne, gives many in-

teresting details of his traits of character, from which we quote the following:

"He was a man as peculiar in character as he was unique in genius. In him opposite qualities met, and were happily and harmoniously blended; and this was true of him physically as well as intellectually. He was tall and strongly built, with broad shoulders, deep chest, a massive head, black hair, and large, dark eyes. Wherever he was, he attracted attention by his imposing presence. He looked like a man who might have held the stroke-oar in a university boat. And his genius, as all the world knows, was of masculine force and sweep.

"But, on the other hand, no man had more of the feminine element than he. He was feminine in his quick perceptions, his fine insight, his sensibility to beauty, his delicate reserve, his purity of feeling. No man comprehended woman more perfectly; none has painted woman with a more exquisite and ethereal pencil. And his face was as mobile and rapid in its changes of expression as is the face of a young girl. His lip and cheek heralded the word before it was spoken. His eyes would darken visibly under the touch of a passing emotion, like the waters of a fountain ruffled by the breeze of summer. So, too, he was the shyest of men. The claims and courtesies of social life were terrible to him. The thought of making a call would keep him awake in his bed. At breakfast, he could not lay a piece of butter upon a lady's plate without a little trembling of the hand—this is a fact, and not a phrase. He was so shy that, in the presence of two intimate friends, he would be less easy and free-spoken than in that of only one.

"And yet the presence of his kind was cordial, and in some sense necessary to him. If his shyness held him back, his sympathies drew him out with a force nearly as strong. And, unlike most men who are at once intellectual and shy, he was not a lover or a student of books. He read books as they came in his way, or for a particular purpose, but he made no claim to the honors of learning or scholarship. A great library had no charms for him. He rarely bought a book, and the larger part of his small collection had come to him by gift. His mind did not feed upon the printed page. It will be noticed that in his writings he very seldom introduces a quotation, or makes any allusion to the writings of others. He liked writing better than reading. The volumes he studied with the most satisfaction were the faces of men and women; provided always that the volumes did not know him. But a gleam of recognition was enough to turn aside his glance of observation. Without doubt, some of his happiest hours were passed in long rambles through the populous solitudes of Liverpool and London, where no man greeted him, where the human beings he saw were like trees in a wood, where faces could be studied like shells in a drawer or stuffed birds in a cage.

"Whatever judgment may be passed upon his genius, there was nothing morbid in his character and temperament. He was indeed much the reverse of morbid. No man of genius ever had less of the infirmities of genius than he. There is a sympathy between the body and the mind, and the morbid habits and unhealthy cravings of men of genius often have their source in a sickly frame or an overtasked brain. But Hawthorne was physically one of the healthiest of men. His pulse kept always even music. In food and drink he retained to the last the simple tastes of childhood. He cared nothing for wine, or tobacco, or strong coffee, or strong tea. He was a sound sleeper and an early riser. He was never moody, or fitful, or irritable. He was never unduly depressed or unreasonably elated. His spirits were not brilliant, but they were uniform; and, as Mrs. Hawthorne says, 'The airy splendor of his wit and humor was the light of his home.' For happiness he was singularly independent of external influences. It mattered little to him in what place his lot might be cast. His family, the occasional presence of a very few friends, and the control of his own time—these were all he asked. The long winter evenings of a quiet village like Concord had no terrors for him. He never felt the leaden touch of the monster *ennui*, the name of which we are obliged to borrow from the language of a people that has the least of the thing. Theatres, operas, concerts, balls, parties—all the numberless devices which man has contrived to slay the great enemy, Time—were to him rather surgical operations to be endured than pleasures to be enjoyed. Of all American men he was the least restless. There was indeed about him an atmosphere of calm repose and easy strength which lulled and quieted the restlessness of others of more excitable mood. The epithet 'gentle,' which the contemporaries of Shakespeare were so fond of applying to him, is exactly descriptive of Hawthorne's character and manners. He was a gentleman, if there ever were one, alike in things essential and things formal. Nature, which had been so liberal to him in many ways, had not given him in any great measure the faculty of speech, and the events of his life had not been such as to cultivate and enlarge such portion as he had. He was not a fluent or an abundant talker. Argument and discussion were not to his taste, as is generally the case with men whose insight is as keen and sound as his. With his best friends he was open, but not voluble; but his friends were taught that there can be companionship without speech.

"Of music, other than street music, there is no record whatever in the Note-Books. The opera had no attractions for him, and the same is true of those musical festivals in the great cathedral towns of England, where the grand strains of Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven, are heard as they can be heard nowhere else, with the best artists in the world for the solo parts, and a vast tide of trained voices on which to float the choruses. He is equally silent as to the theatre. There is nothing in his journal to prove that he ever attended a dramatic performance during all his residence in England. And he passed by on the other side, without heeding, many things which most foreigners are particularly anxious to observe. It does not appear that he was present ever at more than one debate in the House of Commons, and by that he was evidently wearied. It is not strange that with his shy and reserved habits he should have avoided the great balls and evening parties of the London season, and nothing but a strong sense of duty would have tempted him to take a seat on the platform at an anniversary meeting, though the most eloquent lips in England had been set down in the programme. And as for a presentation at court, beyond all question he would have preferred to fight a duel or go into battle.

"He is silent upon all the games, athletic exercises, and amusements which in England are embraced under the comprehensive name of sport, and in which the nobility and gentry take so much interest and spend so much money. He has never a word to say about cricket, or yachting, or fox-hunting, or horse-racing. To be in England four years, and yet never be at Epsom on a Derby day, is as exceptional a thing as to be a Mussulman and never make a pilgrimage to Mecca; yet Hawthorne never witnessed this unique and characteristic spectacle. All forms of animal life are unheeded by him. English horses, English cattle, English dogs, are all matchless in their way, but he sees or heads them not. Indeed, we do not remember that any animal is introduced into any of his romances. He was probably never the proprietor of a horse or a dog, and never was seen on the back of a horse. In this respect he presents a marked contrast to both Scott and Dickens, who show their fondness for animals by often putting them into their books."

AMERICAN BIRDS.

V.

THE TOM-TIT

THIS mite of a bird, only five and a half inches long, seems utterly insensible to the rigors of the most severe cold climate, and is apparently never happier than when flying among the boughs, on the sunny side of a cedar-tree, while a sharp, frosty wind, of a temperature many degrees below zero, is sighing through the branches over his head. Whether it be in the comfortable door-yard of one's own home, or in the trackless forest, miles from humanity, the tom-tit is ever blithe and gay, fearless and confiding, and filled with a restless curiosity, which constantly induces him to investigate, nearer and nearer, that strange creature man, for whom he is ever willing to put on his prettiest airs and graces; but it is in the lonely forest that one feels the cheering influence of companionship with the little creatures most, and hears with greatest pleasure their blithesome notes as they repeat the small, jolly warble—"Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee."

Some resemblance to this fragmentary word has made it a local *alias* for them, and very few of their best friends would know them if they were spoken of by their true title, somewhat too ponderous for so small a bird—the black-capped titmouse. It does not matter much, for there is only one other of the family resident in the eastern and northern part of the continent, and that one could not possibly be mistaken for him. This relation is the crested titmouse, a species rare, much bulkier, and very solitary in habits, only seen in New York in severe winters, when driven from his home in the Canadas by stress of weather.

In summer-time, the warmth of the weather, and the cares of a young family, cause the tom-tit to retreat into the cooler recesses of the woods, and to make less of his voice, his agile figure, and friendly disposition, than when the trees are stripped of leaves, and the earth is covered with the kindly garment of white snow. Unlike the tom-tits of Europe, he is contented usually with a half-dozen eggs, and yet continues to be a very numerous species.

Our titmouse is eminently gregarious, and fond of travelling in the company of the nuthatches and creepers, who spy into the chinks of the bark covering of the trunk and limbs, while the tits break open the bunches of dead leaves, and the caterpillars' nests in the swinging ends of the twigs, for the larvae and insects they contain. What marvellous positions they assume to be sure! often hanging downward in the most surprising manner, without apparent fear of a

rush of blood to the head. Nature has probably provided for them in that way, as she has fitted them to resist the cold by giving them a great quantity of loose, unwebbed feathers, which leave hardly more than the tip of the bill and the feet exposed—not even so much, if they wish, for they can draw up their feet in the downy breast-covering, so as to clothe them practically as well. The nest of this bird is



TOM-TITS.

very seldom seen; and the following description from the pages of Alexander Wilson may, therefore, be found interesting:

"About the middle of April they begin to build, choosing the deserted hole of a squirrel or woodpecker, and sometimes, with incredible labor, digging out one for themselves. The female lays six white eggs, marked with minute specks of red; the first brood appears about the beginning of June, and the second toward the end of July. The whole family continue to associate together during the winter, and traverse the woods in regular progression." He also relates that they often fight furiously with each other, always directing their blows against the skull, which is sometimes fractured in the contest, as one may readily imagine when it is remembered that this bird is capable of digging out a resting-place in the hard substance of a tree. This method of fighting is also related of the European titmouse, and is probably true of both species, if not of all of the genus *Parus*.

A STREET INCIDENT.

"THAT leg and arm? 'Twas at Bull Run,
The second fight, you recollect?
We gave them lots of red-hot fun,
And some to spare, sir, I expect;
In one week more my time was up—
You see how I was necked.

Wait till I fix up this machine,
I'm tired of grinding that old air;
You see, my chum was young and green,

And put himself right in my cars;
Though full of fight as any one
Who slung a musket there.

And glory, that was all his cry;
He got it, too! for, on that day,
Ere half the battle had gone by,
Face to the front, all cold he lay!—
And quite a lucky thing for him,
I often think and say.

Poor Charley!—Thank you, ma'am.—You see,
Our fellows gave a splendid charge;
Whiz! then a Minie struck my knee—
This lump of lead—'taint extra large;
Just then another took my arm—
Of course, that settled me.

Some days I wish I'd gone as well!
To beg one's way is mighty tough.
What I've been through no tongue can tell;
Wanting a meal to eat, is rough.
For his politicians, Uncle Sam
Ain't got berths half enough!

Let alone his soldiers! That tune takes,
There's something in it stirring, grand,
Somehow the crowd it always wakes;
No better air was ever planned.
They don't forget us, after all—
God bless that sweet, white hand!

But for this music-box, I guess
I'd have to give it up and die.
Proud that I served my country? Yes,
I don't go back on that—not I!
Though for the glory of it—well—
You're off, old boy? Good-by!"

LOMI-LOMI.

THE meaning of the Hawaiian or Sandwich-Island word that stands at the head of this article is not translatable into any single expression in the English language. A description is required to do it full justice.

The *lomi-lomi* (pronounced low-me-low-me), which as an institution is distinctively Polynesian, is a luxurious and healthful form of *passive motion* that is very much employed by the Hawaiians. It is used as a remedial measure in the treatment of disease, as a relief for fatigue, and as a luxury and solace in hours of ease. It is a favor which travellers exchange with each other during the intervals of rest from the toilsome march, an act of kindness by which the wife soothes the fatigue of her husband after his daily labors, a service which the chief claims from his liegeman, and which the king receives as a prerogative from the hands of his subjects.

No one who has had experience as a Hawaiian traveller will fail to agree that the crowning act of generous hospitality of this most hospitable people to the well-behaved stranger who sojourns in their midst, is the offer of the *lomi-lomi*.

There are many ways of administering the *lomi-lomi*. For our purpose, it will suffice to classify them under two divisions: first, the *general*; and, second, the *special*. The *special lomi-lomi* is applied to any particular part affected, as to the head, in case of headache, to one of the limbs, or to any region of the body, in case of lameness or strain. The position of the recipient of this form may be either sitting or reclining, as is most convenient; but, when the *lomi-lomi* is general, the patient lies on a mat or on some low couch, convenient for the manipulator. Imagine yourself wearied and exhausted by a long journey, hungry, foot-sore, and lame in every muscle, to such a degree that no position seems to give rest. Under ordinary circumstances, the probability is that, too weary for sleep, you would spend the night in rolling wretchedly, and rise in the morning unrefreshed and unfit to proceed on your journey.

Such would be the result in nine cases out of ten under the or-

inary treatment of hospitality in civilized lands. But the Hawaiians have an appreciation of the physiological wants of the wearied system, which it would be well for the people of other civilized and more enlightened countries to imitate. After water has been provided for washing and cooling purposes, or you have perhaps immersed yourself bodily in some clear, flowing stream, and have regaled yourself with a deliciously-broiled fish and a sufficient number of finger-dips into a calabash of *poi*—a favorite article of food made from a Polynesian esculent root, the *ka-lo*—the *lomi-lomi* is proposed as a means of completing your refreshment and renovation. "What is this?" you ask. You are directed to lie at full length on a mat, and are immediately taken in hand by the artist, generally an elderly and experienced man or woman. The one who performs the *lomi-lomi* seizes your feet with strong hands, and commences manipulations which are neither kneading, nor squeezing, nor rubbing, but now like one and now like the other. Passing up to your body, the muscles of the calf, the thighs, the back, and shoulders, each in turn receives appropriate treatment.

The degree of force used varies from the tenderest caress to the severest grip. To those parts which are the most lame and sore, the feeling may at times be on the verge of painful, and, when at first applied to the legs of the weary novice, may cause him to shrink and complain, just as the first scalding dash of hot water terrifies the nerves of the inexperienced Turkish bather. But, by the time the *ka-lu-na lomi-lomi* (*lomi-lomi* doctor) has made one round, all distrust is gone, and you only regret that the delightful process must so soon come to an end. One skilful in the art of *lomi-lomi* comes to possess a kind of tact that enables him to graduate his touch and force to the wants of each case. At one moment his finger-points seem to dip down deeply and individualize each muscle, at another he skilfully presents only the rounded eminences of his palms, and soothes you with the magnetic influence of a gentle, undulatory motion. The skilful performance of *lomi-lomi* prevents the usual unpleasant effects of excessive exertion from being felt severely the next day—the stiffness, and lameness, and soreness.

It also seems to impart a sufficient nervous power to enable one to sleep, so that on the following morning you rise from your bed of clean Hawaiian mats with a feeling of freshness and rest that is quite surprising. Your muscles are supple, and your joints have an ease of motion that is unwonted. You are, in fine, ready to commence another day's journey.

It is not uncommon for the natives to lie with their faces toward the ground, and have a child or youth of moderate weight walk over them from the heels to the nape of the neck, trampling them under foot, as grapes are trodden by the feet of the wine-makers. This, although an inexplicable and alarming sight to the novice, we recommend as a most effective and salutary method of employing the *lomi-lomi*, especially appropriate when the lameness or weariness affects the back, the loins, or shoulders.

The native Hawaiians are such firm believers in the remedial virtues of the *lomi-lomi*, that they occasionally cause injury by using it wrongly. They sometimes defeat the ends of the surgeon who would secure perfect rest for a fractured limb, and prevent the union and consolidation of the bone by their untimely manipulations.

The Hawaiians are a famous race of swimmers, and, such is their ability to maintain themselves for a great length of time in the water, that, to the foreigner, they seem almost amphibious. On the long swims which parties of them have been compelled to make, when one of their vessels has foundered at sea, if a member of the party shows signs of exhaustion and falling strength, the others gather about him and administer the invigorating manipulation of the *lomi-lomi*, while sustaining him in the water, after which the whole company proceed on their watery way together.

The *lomi-lomi* is a most excellent, and, I might almost say, sufficient substitute for exercise. At any rate, as an adjuvant to the various forms of voluntary exercise, it has a value beyond compute. It is capable of appeasing and satisfying that sense of muscular ennui—to coin a phrase—which results from a craving for active physical exercise.

The great size and magnificent muscular development of the Hawaiian chiefs have always been the subject of remark by foreigners. So much greater are their physical proportions—some have estimated the difference as great as twenty-five per cent.—than that of the peo-

ple at large, whom certainly none would reckon as below the average in strength and size, that some have proposed, in explanation, the theory that these chiefs are the descendants of a superior conquering race. But we are acquainted with nothing either in the language or traditions of the Hawaiians that gives ground for this hypothesis. The more plausible theory is that which accounts for this superiority mainly by the two facts of an abundant and regular supply of food, and their constant use of the *lomi-lomi*. The two conditions essential to ample physical development are, first, *food*; and, second, *exercise*. These must, on the one hand, be abundant in quantity as well as of the proper quality; and, on the other hand, they must be regular in supply. It is fatal to success if either be intermittent.

These two conditions, we shall see, were insured to the Hawaiian kings and chiefs from generation to generation, and to few or none of the common people. Their authority and wealth enabled them always to support about them a body of retainers, to some of whom belonged the duty of ministering regularly to them with the *lomi-lomi*.

In the same way also they were secured against the daily privations and the recurrent famines that afflicted the people as the result of improvidence or drought. In the case of these chiefs, the *lomi-lomi* seems to have been an institution admirably adapted to counteract the evils which would otherwise have accrued from the frequent intervals of indolence and ease into which there was every temptation for them to fall, by furnishing them with a means of obtaining the advantages of exercise without the labor and fatigue of personal exertion, and at the same time of correcting the evils of luxury or over-feeding. Thus the high-fed, luxurious chief, when indisposed to seek exercise in the usual way, or when suffering from the effects of over-exertion, could stretch himself upon his mats and summon his attendants to work up his muscle, and administer to his passive frame the exercise needed for its renovation.

But, not to indulge in rhetorical flourishes, the *lomi-lomi*, without mystery, acts on the most self-evident principles of physiology. It helps to unload the engorged veins and capillaries of the blood, which, after severe exercise, is more than usually charged with impurities, and thus facilitates the renovation of the tissues, and especially the muscle, by making room for the return of the arterial blood needed for repair.

Almost every one knows what immediate relief from the numbness and powerlessness of a limb that is asleep is obtained by stroking it briskly from the periphery toward the centre. If any one has not, the next time he wakes at night, and finds his arm asleep from being lain upon, let him try the experiment, and he will experience one of the signal and almost instant benefits of *lomi-lomi*.

How much of the virtue of *lomi-lomi* is to be explained by the principles of animal magnetism, we leave for those to determine who are versed in such matters.

For the benefit of those who may wish to try it, we append the following directions for the employment of the *lomi-lomi*:

I. *To the Operator*.—1. When treating the limbs, let the manipulations be applied in such a direction as to drive the blood toward the heart.

2. The pressure or grip of the operator must not be continuous; and there must be an appreciable interval of time between one motion and the succeeding one.

3. The grips, or pressures, had better not exceed in frequency fifty or sixty in a minute.

4. The force of the manipulations must never be so great as to cause pain.

5. Avoid unpleasantly tickling the patient.

6. When applying the *lomi-lomi* to the head, use the rounded prominences of the hands and fingers.

7. Always consult the comfort of the patient, and be guided by his sensations in modifying the force and form of the manipulations.

II. *To the Patient*.—1. Take that position, whether reclining or sitting, which is most comfortable.

2. Yield the muscles passive and relaxed into the hands of the manipulator.

3. Resist the feeling of tickling as much as possible; for it is greatly under control, and decreases under the exercise of the will, but becomes stronger and more troublesome if indulged.

4. Take notice of the different forms of manipulation, and immediately report any that are particularly pleasant as well as those that are painful.

TABLE-TALK.

ALTHOUGH the census for 1870 is not yet completed, sufficient returns are in to enable an approximate estimate to be made of the population of most of our cities. The result in almost every case is a disappointment. Cities that were calculating so freely upon a great increase over the census of 1860, discover that the actual figures will fall considerably lower than the estimated ones. There is a general accusation, against the marshals and their assistants, of incorrectness, but there is no evidence that these charges are just. The truth is, there is nothing in which judgment is so wild as in the rough computation of numbers. When we get beyond a few thousands, we leap from big figures to big figures with an easy confidence and entire misconception that is often quite amusing. Very few men are capable of estimating numbers, and no man can be trusted who does not proceed to his estimates by careful analysis. If we trust to the imagination, we soon find ourselves quoting thousands when we should say hundreds; in fact, a disposition toward exaggeration that is almost universal, and an inability to measure large sums, are two causes that lead continually to the most absurd extravagances in things relating to numbers. In New York, the disappointment regarding the census is very generally felt; but, had we been closer observers and better calculators, we should not have been surprised at the returns. No doubt the figures are lower than they would have been at any other time of year, as a large proportion of the population are absent from the city in the summer months, and a great many houses are entirely closed. And it is also probable that our population is less this year than any year since the war. High rents caused a large exodus into the suburban districts last spring, and not since the first year of the war have those words, "To Let," been so common on our New-York houses. But, notwithstanding these facts, every one believed there had been a large increase since 1860. In business sections, there have been great changes, and certain portions of the city have been, during the last decade, entirely reconstructed. Let one note all the streets that cross Broadway below Spring Street, and compare them with what they were ten years ago, and the change will strike him as astonishing. Miles upon miles of warehouses have been constructed in that period. A great many of the finest business-houses on Broadway have sprung into existence even since the war. The wholesale trade has pushed itself nearly a mile farther up-town, and the retail trade has almost entirely changed its ground. Some of the principal retail dealers are now two miles farther up-town than they were at the last census. These facts exhibit a vast increase in the business of the community. In the dwelling portion of the city the number of buildings constructed during the past ten years is quite beyond our calculation, and only accurate statistics can be relied upon. We can see they stretch for many miles, and cover a large area that a few years ago was a

rocky waste. And yet, it should be noted, these new structures have been almost altogether of a costly and liberal character, affording homes exclusively for the well-to-do. A few thousand houses of this character make a notable display, and are apt to exaggerate our estimate of the number who occupy them. When we recollect that Fifth Avenue, extending, as far as built, nearly three miles, yet contains but few more than five hundred houses, we can understand how easily we may be deceived in our calculations as to the population of similar districts. Forty or fifty thousand people, occupying the better class of residences, cover a large area of ground; and hence an increase of the population among this class is much more notable than an increase with those who live closely in small houses, or are packed densely in tenement-houses. With these there has been no marked increase. The fine structures multiplied so freely in the upper part of the city house scarcely more than forty or fifty people to each of the smaller squares; it takes a vast city full of buildings of this character to meet an increase of even fifty thousand to our population. And unless there has been a large increase in tenement-houses and small houses; unless those portions of the town where the denser population abides have extended their limits or increased their numbers, the gain in the population cannot be more than that given us by the census. But the increase of the suburbs and neighboring towns has been immense. Brooklyn, the third city in the Union, is really a part of ourselves, having grown up by our overflow. The metropolitan district of New York cannot contain fewer than a million and a half of people, and this ought to be the number assigned to us in a comparison with other cities.

— Does it not sometimes seem as if two opposite opinions simply uttered the completeness of a thing? Difference of opinion by no means necessarily implies error on one side or the other, but rather indicates only a partial grasp of the subject by each person. A man who has large comprehension, who is enabled to examine a subject on all sides, who does not mistake the hemisphere for a sphere, may form conclusions, but he will be apt to reflect that opinion is often only *ex-parte* knowledge. Let us suppose two antagonists, one a Radical, the other a Conservative. We do not use these terms as connected with current politics, but in regard to their general application. Now, each of these disputants simply possesses a quota of the truth, and their ideas, instead of being antagonistical, are simply supplemental. The Radical discovers that without progressive thought the world would stagnate. He perceives with great clearness and with entire truthfulness how much has been accomplished in every direction—in opinion, in government, in science, in art, in education, in religion, in society—by an emancipation from the traditions of the past, by bold, speculative thought, and by freedom of action. But the Conservative also has clear and truthful perceptions. He sees that the safety of society depends upon the maintenance of certain

checks and safeguards, without which the whole community would rush forward into chaos and anarchy. The overthrow of established principles, the substitution of every thing untried for every thing tried, the disregard of all precedents and all experience, the abolition of all subordination and all order—these things, the Conservative clearly realizes, would break up the foundations of society, and bring us all to revolution and ruin. And doubtless they would. It would never do for Radicalism to have its untrammelled sway; but neither would it do for Conservatism to hold the world in absolute check. Conservatism and Radicalism are, in truth, as centripetal and centrifugal social forces, which, united, balance and direct the world. Each is necessary to the completeness and prosperity of the world; each plays one part in a complete drama. But it is necessary that each should act independently and in distrust of the other. The Radical, in order to be in any full sense an active and vigilant Radical, must be able to see only his side of the question. If he supposes for a moment that Conservatism contains an equal quota of truth, that Radicalism is only the obverse side of a medal, as it were, of which its opponent principle is a necessary and completing reverse, his belief disappears. And, of course, this is also true of the Conservative. In order that each may believe earnestly and perform his functions with due effect, neither must have more than a narrow, one-sided knowledge. Men who see all sides of a subject may seem to a few minds as superior mortals; but they are in truth unfitted for the earnest affairs of life, and are apt to appear to the majority of the world as weak or vicious. Extremes meet. The clown, who is too indolent or too ignorant to have opinions, and the philosopher, whose survey is too large to have opinions, meet on common ground. It would then seem, if these speculations be correct, that it is better for ordinary mortals to retain a little incompleteness in their education. An honest ignorance, according to the view of the matter we have taken, keeps the energies fresh, the beliefs earnest, and renders opinion practically useful. It would seem no more than wisdom to imitate Irving's Dutch judge, who refused to confuse his judgment by hearing evidence on both sides of the case. That we are imperfect, is universally admitted; but that imperfection is a necessary or an advantageous condition, will possibly strike the reader as an argument too absurd for consideration. But let him reflect how many men have been powerful by being one-sided; and how invariably men who are all-sided, who take too wide a view of subjects, become paralyzed and inefficient.

— They say 'tis sport to see the engineer hoisted with his own petard, and undoubtedly the world feels a grim satisfaction at the spectacle of Napoleon III. overthrown and captured by the power he had so wantonly provoked, and France made to suffer the misery and the humiliation she would so gladly have inflicted on Germany. And yet there is something very awful and melancholy in the sight of a great sovereign and a great nation prostrated and forlorn. It is a

sight which has few parallels in modern history. It resembles in its suddenness and completeness the terrible catastrophes of antiquity, such as the fall of Nineveh and Babylon, and the Persian conquest of Egypt, when that proud monarchy went down in one campaign, its king being captured like the French emperor in the last decisive battle. Twice before have French sovereigns become prisoners of war. John the Good, the second king of the Valois family, was captured by the English at Poitiers, in 1356 (in September, also!) and was carried to London, where he was kept four years, and was liberated by a treaty for the fulfilment of which he sent his son as a hostage. The son broke his parole and escaped from England, upon which John, remarking that "if good faith were banished from earth it ought still to be found in the hearts of kings," returned himself to captivity in London, and died there. The other French sovereign to whom we have referred was the gallant Francis I., who was defeated and captured in a great battle at Pavia, in 1525, by the troops of the German emperor, Charles V.—an event which made nearly as great a sensation in Europe in the sixteenth century as the overthrow and surrender of Napoleon III. in our own, though it took weeks to make it known all over the Continent. Events in this age of railroads and telegraphs march and spread rapidly. The most surprising part of the Prussian conquest of Napoleon is its suddenness. It was only six weeks from his declaration of war to his surrender at Sedan. The same short period, however, sufficed for Prussia, in 1866, to overthrow the armies of Austria, and to win the decisive triumph of Sadowa. The secret of this brilliant and unprecedented success is doubtless the universal education of the Prussian people and the consequent intelligence, and the admirable efficiency of the administration of the government for which the kingdom has been distinguished ever since its foundation by the father of the great Frederick. At the date at which we are writing, immediately after the surrender of Napoleon, it is impossible to foresee with certainty the result of the Prussian victory. It may be that the Bonaparte dynasty will be set aside, and France proclaimed a republic, or restored to constitutional monarchy under the Orleans family. It seems to us, however, much more probable that Napoleon will remain emperor. He is clearly the choice of the French people, and however questionable or objectionable the means by which he attained the throne, it cannot be denied that his rule has been acceptable to France and beneficial at least to her material interests. The emperor has failed in war through no fault of his own, but simply because, when the trial of strength came, France proved to be weaker than Germany. It is true that Paris and some of the other cities have hastily proclaimed the republic; but that they have been ready to do for many years past, while the mass of the nation and of the army have clung to the empire. It remains to be seen whether the action of Paris will be ratified by the French people and assented to by the Prussian Government, or whether the latter will restore

him to his throne after extorting from him a satisfactory treaty.

— A correspondent supplements our comments, in a recent number, regarding the cumulative character of literature, by pointing out that there is no art or science in which this characteristic is more strongly marked than in music. He says:

"The history of the composers is the history of the art, and the succession has been strictly maintained. Each master has left his own sphere of work, and yet each has left his method as a legacy to his successor, who has in turn influenced the next comer. It is hardly necessary to go back at present to Bach and Handel, two great contemporaries, who did so much in establishing the character of modern music; but, if we start with Haydn, go down to Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Wagner, and the host of very modern composers, we will find not only the limits within which each worked strongly defined, but we can estimate the influence each has had upon the other, and the value of the suggestiveness of each. That this is not fancy, but fact, can be easily proven; for, if we strike any one out of the list, we will have to also take something from each of his successors, for the art has been broadened and deepened by the work of each. Mozart did not without reason call Haydn 'the father of us all,' for, although the younger was the greater of the two, Haydn's influence was strongly impressed upon him, and he not only used many of the same forms, but frequently caught the same spirit. This influence was curiously reciprocated by Haydn, who in many of his later compositions reminds us strongly of Mozart. To us the author of 'Don Giovanni' and 'The Marriage of Figaro' seems to have caught the secret of perfect grace and smoothness, while theorists quote him as an example of correctness and consistency in composition. Yet his style was criticised as rough; his enemies said that his harmonies were irregular; and some of his works were at one time sent back from Italy to have 'the mistakes corrected,' so strange did the harmonies appear to the native musicians. But, although now we see that Mozart's boldness never ran to license, he prepared the way for Beethoven and his wonderful innovations. The importance of this composer to musical history cannot be overestimated. A Bonaparte in his way, he reconstructed every thing he touched, and created everywhere new boundary-lines. All of his successors have been Ruths coming after him, and there has not since been a sheaf bound up that has not had his signet impressed in some way upon it. One cannot but wonder what modern music would have been without Beethoven. The great composers would certainly have made their mark upon music, but it is doubtful if even Chopin or Schumann would have realized the possibilities within themselves had not Beethoven discovered the way for them. Both of them had genius, but neither of them had the force that this giant had among other musicians possessed. Weber might have written 'Der Freischütz,' but it would have lost something of its intense coloring and demonic effects, although in the dramatic form of his genius he perhaps approached Mozart more closely than Beethoven, but, in his expression of feeling in sound, he comes closer to the latter. The 'romantic school' may perhaps claim Weber as their progenitor, but Mendelssohn belongs to a more regular, more limited school. As for Rossini

and Meyerbeer, they have been to modern opera what the conservatory-glass is to the brilliant exotic, and he would reckon ill who would leave them 'out.' These ideas simply suggest a subject well worth working out, for an analysis of the changes in form; the new harmonic combinations; the different uses of instruments; the novel ideas in arranging parts; and, in a word, the peculiar influences exercised over the art by each composer, would not only make an interesting and instructive study, but would be a valuable contribution to the history of the art."

Scientific Notes.

IN Europe we find three varieties of coloration of skin, viz., olive brown, with black eyes; black hair and beard; auburn hair and beard, with dark-blue eyes; and fair complexion, with fair hair and beard and light-blue eyes. The Scytho-Arab race has only a half of its representatives in Europe and Central Asia; the rest is spread southward toward the Indian Ocean, differing in complexion from blond to black between the latitude of the northern frontier of India, and that of its southern extremity, the Hindoos of the Himalayas being almost blond; those of the Deccan, Coromandel, Malabar, and Ceylon, being darker than many tribes of Africans. The Arabs, olive and almost blond complexioned in Armenia and Syria, are decidedly swarthy in the Yemen and the Mascate country. The Egyptians present a chromatic gamut, rising from fair to black between the mouths and sources of the Nile. The Turiks, dwelling upon the southern slopes of the Atlas range, are simply olive-complexioned, while those of their brethren in the interior of Africa are black. The ancient monuments of Egypt represent males of a reddish-brown complexion, while the females, who lived secluded, have a pale-olive complexion. The Manchoo Tartars, during their long stay in China, have become almost fair; and the Chinese women of the upper classes are as fair as Europeans. The Jewesses of Cairo and Syria, whose faces are always concealed from public curiosity, and who rarely go out-of-doors, have, in consequence, a pale rather than a fair complexion. Among the copper-colored races of Sunda Straits, the females, closely covered, and seldom allowed to go out-of-doors, present the same feature. The Esquimaux, during the severity of the long winters of their desolate regions, gradually become fairer. These phenomena are doubtless the results of several simultaneous influences, and light is not the only element that contributes to them; heat and minor conditions intervening in those chromatic acts, although the particular and effective action of luminous radiation is unquestionable.

A vast system of submarine cables is at present being laid between Great Britain, the extreme East, the Australian colonies, and New Zealand. The different sections comprise Falmouth, Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, Aden, Bombay, Ceylon, Singapore, and China. The newest portions represent the sections between Singapore, Java, Timor, and Port Darwin, on the north of Australia; from this point the telegraphic wire will be posted along the coast of Australia, and bring into direct communication with the mother-country the colonies of North Australia, Queensland, Victoria, New South Wales, and Western Australia. A submarine cable will then be laid between Australia and New Zealand, and thence to Panama;

and thus complete the telegraphic chain of communications round the world.

M. Charles T. Beke has projected the formation of a canal, destined to unite the Upper Nile with the Red Sea. He proposes that the new canal shall follow a natural water-course, running from the southwest to the northeast, between the sixteenth and nineteenth degrees of north latitude; the realization of this project would be signalled by the diverting of a portion of the waters of the Atbara into the Red Sea, at a short distance south of Sowakiri.

Literary Notes.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S "Origin of Civilization, and the Primitive Condition of Man," is reviewed in two distinct papers in the London *Saturday Review*; but, finding it impossible "to do complete justice to a book so full of matter," it confines its notice to a consideration of the conclusions arrived at by the author on the subject of Family Relationship and Religion as understood by savage tribes. It says: "This interesting and valuable volume illustrates to some extent the way in which the modern scientific spirit manages to extract a considerable treasure from the chaff and refuse neglected or thrown aside by former inquirers. The evidence of savage customs, on which Sir John Lubbock has constructed what is at least a plausible theory of the very earliest condition of human society, has been very generally regarded as too worthless for any conclusion to be founded on it. And, indeed, as Sir John Lubbock himself allows, it is not evidence of a very good kind. It has been for the most part collected by persons who had no idea of its importance, and who recorded their stories of savage usages simply to amuse or astonish their readers. Accounts of the most curious notions concerning marriage, relationship, and the supernatural world, are found mixed up with descriptions of fashions of tattooing or the mode of manufacturing a bow or a bark canoe. But the special importance of Sir John Lubbock's work arises, we think, from the fact that the evidence with which he deals can be multiplied and improved to any extent. It is not like ordinary materials for history, which can only be re-examined. Tribes of men in the social state which furnishes the testimony are found in very considerable numbers in various parts of the world, and can be observed hereafter with any degree of care and accuracy. Sir John Lubbock, even if he has not created a presumption in favor of his own theory, has shown that the subject possesses the greatest interest; and we have no doubt that observation of savage customs and ideas will be conducted in future with something like scientific minuteness and caution."

Lockyer, in his "Elements of Astronomy," just published, has aimed to give a connected view of the whole subject, and to supply facts, and ideas founded on the facts, to serve as a basis for subsequent study and discussion. The work treats of the stars and nebulae; the sun; the solar system; apparent movements of the heavenly bodies; the measurement of time; light; the telescope and spectroscopy; apparent places of the heavenly bodies; the real distances and dimensions; universal gravitation. The most recent astronomical discoveries are incorporated.

Mr. G. T. Lowth writes to the *Athenaeum* that many years ago, while Hood was editor of *Punch*, he sent to that journal a poem, en-

titled "Early to Rise," of which, however, no notice was taken. But recently, to his great surprise, he discovered, in Hood's collection of "Wit and Humor," his original stanzas, identical in idea, but somewhat differently rendered. It is odd that Mr. Lowth should have been so long in making his discovery; but it must be admitted that he tells a simple and apparently straightforward story.

A new edition of Darwin's "Origin of Species" will shortly appear from the press of D. Appleton & Co. This edition will contain additions and revisions, received directly from the author, and which are later than those of the last English edition. Darwin's new volume, "The Descent of Man, and on Selection in Relation to Sex," is also in press.

"Try Lapland," says Captain Hutchinson, of the English army, and adds, "A Fresh Field for Summer Tourists." No doubt fresh, but rather far for a vacation-trip to people this side of the "big pond," pleasant and suggestive as Captain Hutchinson's little volume is.

Schedler's topographical map of the war, with plans of the fortresses of Paris, Metz, and Strasbourg, handsomely printed in three colors, is the best war-map we have seen. It is clear, definite, accurate.

London Society, a popular English periodical, has been purchased by Mr. Bentley; and Mr. Hogg, its proprietor and editor for seventeen years, will issue another magazine, to be called *English Society*.

The report that Tennyson is engaged upon a new poem, is denied. Swinburne, it is announced, is engaged upon another poem relating to Mary Queen of Scots, which will be called "Bothwell."

The booksellers at Leipzig have published a collection of German patriotic songs, which are distributed gratuitously among the troops conveyed through the town.

Miscellany.

Mistaken Identity.

AN amusing instance of mistaken identity lately occurred to Bock, the well-known music-dealer of Berlin. With thousands of others, he had gone to Oberammergau to attend the Passion Play performed there by the peasantry once every ten years. Having reached the spot, he noticed that he was the object of much respectful observation. Whispers greeted him in every direction as he passed among the assembled audience, who reverently saluted him and pointed him out to their friends. At first puzzled to know to what he was indebted for these unlooked-for attentions, he at length remembered that on his way through Munich he had been told that both in form and feature he strikingly resembled the King of Bavaria. Before long he heard himself addressed as "Your majesty," and it was in vain that he emphatically renounced all claim to royalty, protesting that he was only a music-dealer from the banks of the Spree.

The people insisted that he was the king himself, but, as his majesty wished to travel *incognito*, his privacy should not be infringed upon. The supposititious prince, however, had soon to learn that if the head is uneasy that wears a crown, that head may be no less so that is only supposed to wear one. He had hired a carriage for the purpose of exploring the neighborhood, in company with a friend

and fellow-traveller who had at once been set down as an adjutant. To this vehicle he betook himself, hoping thereby to escape the unwelcome but constantly-increasing homage. The ride over, he asked the driver how much he owed him. "I don't ask nothing," replied the man, with a sly look; "whatever your majesty gives 'll be the correct thing." "I am not the king, man," cried Herr Bock; "tell me directly what I am to pay!" "Your majesty only pretends that we don't know you," replied the driver. "Well, then, if I must set a price, let's say two hundred gulden; that's about the right figure for a king." The poor music-dealer had quite lost patience. "The devil!" he exclaimed, "I tell you I am not the King of Bavaria or of any other country; so tell me, once for all, what is the legal fare!"

The man, with a very wry face, took the customary sum, about the twentieth part of what he had expected, uttering, as he did so, "Though, indeed, you are the king." On again coming into the village, the traveller passed a Bavarian gendarme on duty, who at once presented arms. Herr Bock approached him: "The people," said he, "seem really to believe that I am the King of Bavaria. Pray tell them they are mistaken." "Well," replied the soldier, "if your majesty desires it, I will do so; I know you wish to travel *incognito*." "But I give you my word for it!" "Well, then, of course there must be a mistake," said the man, abashed, "but then you are certainly Prince Otto."

Despairing of convincing the people that the blood of the Wittelsbacher did not run in his veins, he hastened to leave a spot where a crown, at any cost, was to be forced upon him.

Scotch Whiskey.

Of the town council of Brechin, Scotland, among other accounts presented for payment, was one by Mr. Ballantyne, an innkeeper at Brechin, for "dinner and refreshments" to the magistrates and council at Trinity Muir market, where they sat as justices. This led to some discussion, for it contained an item for eleven bottles of whiskey, which had been consumed by the worthy magistrates during the three days of the market. A certain Mr. Smith meekly remonstrated, remarking that "it was utterly inconsistent with the duty of magistrates administering justice to consume so much drink;" upon which the treasurer observed that "if the council were to dine they must do so according to the usages of society," and Bailie Shires snubbed Mr. Smith in most indignant terms. "It might be," said the bailie; "and perhaps there was more whiskey drunk than might appear proper to people like Mr. Smith, who were teetotallers; but there was nothing except what was really necessary and usual in the society in which they all moved." The provost characterized Mr. Smith's objections as "thoroughly unreasonable. He (Smith) talked about eleven bottles of whiskey, but he forgot that sometimes country gentlemen, having an interest in the council's proceedings, came in about them, and disputes were sometime settled there which would not otherwise be settled. He (the provost), for one, would not be put down by any such principle," alluding to poor Mr. Smith's teetotalling propensities. "Still Mr. Smith urged that there had been too much drink, and moved that in future no whiskey or whiskey-punch should be allowed. Nobody, however, seconded the motion, and the previous question was moved and agreed to by the council. It is evident, from the remarks elicited by the abstemious Smith's remonstrance, that the society in which the town council "all move" must have strong heads.

From this World to the Other.

We start in life an unbroken company; brothers and sisters, friends and lovers, neighbors and comrades are with us; there is circle within circle, and each one of us is at the charmed centre where the heart's affections are aglow, and whence they radiate outward upon society. Youth is exuberant with joy and hope; the earth looks fair, for it sparkles with May-dews yet, and no shadow hath fallen upon it. We are all here, and we could live here forever. The home-centre is on the hither side of the river, and why should we strain our eyes to look beyond? But this state of things does not continue long. Our circle grows less and less. It is broken and broken, and then closed up again; but every break and close makes it narrower and smaller. Perhaps before the sun is at his meridian the majority are on the other side; the circle there is as large as the one here, and we are drawn contrariwise and vibrate between the two. A little longer, and we have almost crossed over; the balance settles down on the spiritual side, and the home-centre is removed to the upper sphere. At length you see nothing but an aged pilgrim standing alone on the river's brink, and looking earnestly toward the country on the other side. In the morning, that large and goodly company rejoicing together with music and wine; in the evening, dwindled down to that solitary old man, the last of his family, and the last of his generation, waiting to go home, and filled with pensive memories of the long ago!—*E. H. Sears.*

The Question of Descent.

At a recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, an English bishop closed a sarcastic speech against the Darwinians by turning to Professor Huxley, their leading representative, and blandly asking, in the presence of the large audience: "Is the learned gentleman really willing to have it go forth to the world that he believes himself to be descended from a monkey?" Professor Huxley rose and replied in his quiet manner: "It seems to me that the learned bishop hardly appreciated our position and duty as men of science. We are not here to inquire what we would prefer, but what is true. The progress of science from the beginning has been a conflict with old prejudices. The origin of man is not a question of likes and dislikes, to be settled by consulting the feelings, but it is a question of evidence, to be settled by strict scientific investigation. But, as the learned bishop is curious to know my state of feelings upon the subject, I have no hesitation in saying that, were it a matter of choice with me (which clearly it is not) whether I should be descended from a respectable monkey, or from a bishop of the English Church who can put his brains to no better use than to ridicule science and misrepresent its cultivators, I would certainly choose the monkey."

Forks.

Forks were first known in Italy toward the end of the fifteenth century. It was a hundred years before they came into use in France, and nearly a hundred more before they had travelled as far northward as Scotland. Their introduction into England was at first ridiculed as a piece of affectation and effeminacy. In one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, "your fork-carving traveller" is spoken of with great contempt, and Ben Jonson, too, joined in the laugh against them. In repeated instances, the progress of inventions has been thus resisted by the popular clamor, and even opposed

by popular violence. The first man who appeared with an umbrella in the streets of London drew down upon himself a pelting shower of mud and stones, which was worse than the rain against which he had spread the new-fangled protection. The old way of making boards was by splitting up the logs with wedges; and, clumsy as the method was, it was no easy matter to persuade the world that there was a better. Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century. In 1663 a Dutchman built one in England, but the public outcry against it was so vehement that he was soon obliged to decamp; and, for the next hundred years, no one ventured to repeat the experiment. In 1768 a rash adventurer began to erect another mill, but a conservative mob gathered at once, and tore it down.

Prussian Organization.

The Prussian preparations for war extended to the most minute and thorough knowledge of the topography and the resources, military and pecuniary, of France, and included precautionary measures against possible contingencies, amounting almost to prescience. As an instance, it is said that they not only know the location and size of every village in the east of France, but that they can also tell the exact stabling capacity of each. They need no guides. On the other hand, the French officers, according to the same authority, show the most profound ignorance of the region in which they are operating. Even McMahon lost the road to Saverne on the retreat from Haguenau, and was obliged to inquire the way. No less wonderful is the perfection of Prussian discipline. An eye-witness of the battle of Worth writes that the Prussians marched with the most faultless precision, never wavering under the severest fire from mitrailleuses and chassepots. They preserved better order, it is said, than the French did on the parade-ground. The valor and impetuosity of the French soldiers are extolled on all sides, but in all the higher elements of organization the Prussian armies have a fatal advantage.

Baron von Moltke.

The practical commander-in-chief of the German armies is Baron Helmuth Charles Bernard von Moltke, who is to the military service of Prussia what Count von Bismarck is to the civil. Von Moltke was born in October, 1800, at Gnewitz, in Mecklenburg, but of a family long prominent in civil affairs in the kingdom of Denmark. As early as 1839 he became known in military circles throughout Europe for his eminent services in the Prussian army, in which he was in that year made an officer of the general staff. In 1835 he visited Turkey, and was employed by the sultan, under the permission of the Prussian Government, for several years in reorganizing the Ottoman army. In 1858 Von Moltke was made chief of staff in the Prussian army, the title he now holds under the king, the nominal general of all the troops; and, in 1866, he planned the campaign against Austria, and directed all the movements which resulted in the great victory of Sadowa.

Wages in Australia.

According to the latest report from Melbourne, the rate of wages throughout Australia is as follows: Masons per day, of eight hours, two dollars and fifty cents; joiners, three dollars to three dollars and fifty cents; founders, three dollars to three dollars and fifty cents; plumbers, three dollars to three dollars and fifty cents; mechanics and engineers, three dollars to three dollars and fifty

cents; laborers (masons'), one dollar and seventy cents to two dollars. The necessities of life cost much less than in Europe: Bread, per pound, three and a half cents; meat, from seven to ten cents; mutton, four to nine cents; butter, twenty cents; cheese, eleven to twenty-five cents.

The Mitrailleuse.

The mitrailleuse has been subjected to a thorough study and trial by the best military critics in Europe, and it is pronounced far inferior to field artillery in effectiveness at ranges exceeding one-third of a mile; too complicated for successful use by any but intelligent men, well trained to it; peculiarly liable to get out of order, and useless in any but an open and tolerably level country. It seems more likely to be of use against a mob in a revolutionary city than in warfare. But on a plain, at short ranges, and in the hands of five or seven skilled attendants, a mitrailleuse is as effective as four or five times that number of men with small-arms.

Varieties.

THE frequent occurrence among the Welsh of suggestively Jewish surnames is due to the fact that it was at one time the custom among this people for the son to assume the Christian name of his father as his own surname. The son of Levi Williams took Levi for his surname, sinking the paternal Williams. In like manner arose such names as Solomon, Davids, and in a few instances even Moses, as the cognomens of undeniably Welsh families. Afterward this practice of assuming the father's Christian name as a surname fell completely into desuetude; but it has lasted long enough to leave a very enduring mark upon Welsh family-names.

"Why should every Swede," asks a Lapland tourist, "take off his hat to everybody on every occasion?—when entering a shop—when leaving ditto—when shaking hands with a friend—meeting or parting? Why, indeed? How differently your Englishman or American acts!" Either of these has too much affection for his hat to part with it even when entering a public dining-room; he is prone to consider it highly derogatory to his dignity to uncover at all, let alone to every shopkeeper in a foreign town.

There are fifty-seven ducal families in France, the titles of which have been conceded by sovereigns at different epochs, principally for military services. Most of these, however, have renounced the career of arms, and, at the present time, only sixteen ducal families have members in the army. Their names are: Clermont-Tonnerre, Montemart, La Moskowa, Berghes Saint-Vincent, Montebello, Broglie, Cossé-Brissac, Magenta, Talleyrand, Polignac, Oudinot de Reggio, Gramont, Harcourt, Fitz-James, Sabran, Tascher de la Pagerie.

The scarcity of sardines is due to the fact that these fish are now extensively converted into oil, for the manufacture of soap—one thousand tons of sardine-oil having been imported, during the last year, into Liverpool, where it sells readily at from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and sixty-eight dollars in gold per ton of two hundred and fifty-two gallons, a gallon weighing about nine pounds.

As one of the characteristic results of the war, it may be mentioned that in Paris, *La Revue et Gazette des Théâtres*, a very respectable theatrical paper of more than forty years' standing, which was regularly published twice a week, has announced that for some time to come it will appear once a week only. The change is attributed to the want of theatrical news caused by the gravity of political events.

Some English capitalists have purchased, for one million five hundred thousand dollars, a large tract of land in New Mexico, near the southern border of Colorado, and will soon establish an English colony upon it. The district will probably be traversed by the southern

branch of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, and comprises some of the best grazing and agricultural land on the tributaries of the Republican River.

During the trial of a case in Louisville, a German witness persisted in testifying to what his wife told him. This, of course, was ruled out by the judge. But the witness still persisted in repeating, "My wife told me." Presently the judge, unable to contain himself longer, said, "Suppose your wife were to tell you the heavens had fallen, what would you think?" "Vell, den, I dinks dey vas down."

Germany is full of new war literature of all grades; popular songs, among which "The Watch on the Rhine" is already familiar, and "So Shall it Be," by Freiligrath, will soon be as much so; prophecies of many kinds, in which Armageddon is reviewed; historical and political pamphlets, and some important works on military science and on former campaigns.

The Presbyterian Church in the United States comprises 259 presbyteries, 4,238 ministers, and 4,526 churches, with 446,561 communicants, and 448,857 children in Sunday-schools. The contributions, as far as reported, amount in all to \$8,440,121, of which \$6,416,105 are for congregational purposes, \$366,274 for home missions, \$323,847 for foreign missions, and \$276,898 for education.

The St. Croix (Wis.) *Republican* says that there is a German in the town of Cylon, in that county, who has a park of one hundred and sixty acres, which contains between two and three hundred deer. It is surrounded by a fence from fourteen to sixteen feet high, firmly set in the ground, the posts so close together that a man's hand can scarcely be thrust between them.

A little girl, being sent to the store to purchase some dye-stuff, and, forgetting the name of the article, said to the clerk, "John, what do folks dye with?" "Die with! Why, cholera, sometimes," replied John. "Well, I believe that's the name; I want three cents' worth."

The question of including religious statistics in the census to be taken next year in England has considerable importance. The dissolution of church and state is likely soon to be brought into greater prominence, and, if a correct religious census could be taken, the figures would prove, no doubt, of great value in the discussion.

A Boston lawyer had a horse that always stopped, and refused to cross a certain bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would induce him to cross. So he advertised him: "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

A dramatic writer hopes that when next a May-pole dance, that long since worn-out and always wearisome affair, is introduced in a drama, the exasperated audience will rise *en masse*, sweep in a body over the orchestra upon the stage, and exterminate the May-pole and the dancers in one fell swoop.

Dr. M. B. Riddle writes to the *Presbyterian Banner*, from Heidelberg, that the King of Prussia "is an earnest Christian, as is Von Moltke, the planner of campaigns; while Von Roon, the Minister of War, is one of the comparatively few men in Germany who gathers his household daily, and leads their devotions."

Some ogre of an editor tries to frighten tender consciences by telling young ladies "that when they exclaim, 'Dear me!' they are swearing like troopers. Yet such is the fact; for the phrase, as we have it, is but the corruption of the Italian words, 'Dio mio!'—My God!"

A lady, riding in a car along a steam railway out of New-York, as the train passed a station, had a valuable diamond ear-ring torn out of her ear by a thief on the platform at the station, who ran off with it.

A Californian contracted with a Chinaman for building him fourteen houses. The Chinaman hired a carpenter to build the first one, carefully watched every movement made, then discharged his employé and built the rest himself.

A Paris bookseller, having applied to a Berlin publisher of lithographic prints for a great number of copies of portraits of the more illustrious Prussian generals, received the following reply: "There are no copies left; we send you the originals."

Forty years ago a complete copy of the Old Testament could not be found in the city of Jerusalem. Now there are in Palestine twenty-four Protestant schools, in which a thousand children are taught the truth.

The heads of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, the two Adamses, Benton, Burlingame, Farragut, Rawlins, and Governor Andrew, will be used on the new bonds now preparing at the Treasury Department.

The German "Uhlans," so frequently mentioned in the war dispatches, are lancers—a part of the regular cavalry force—lightly armed, well mounted, and appear to be used in "raiding" in the extreme Prussian advance.

The German bishops are to meet in convention to decide upon the course which they shall pursue in reference to the dogma of papal infallibility. If they accept it at all, which is improbable, it will be with very material reservations.

The military career of King William I. of Prussia extends over a period of fifty-five years. His majesty, who was born in 1797, was present at the battle of Waterloo, and was then but eighteen years of age.

One of the Siamese twins has lately had an attack of paralysis in his left side, which almost wholly deprived him of speech and the use of his limbs. The other twin seems to experience no ill effects from the attack.

In Queen Victoria's crown there are 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds, and 147 table diamonds, 1 large ruby, 17 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 small rubies, and 277 pearls—a total of 2,196 precious stones.

A watering-place correspondent says: "Dressing is not a matter of moment here. Every lady is singularly independent, and dresses, or not, as it suits her." It is to be hoped it suits her to dress.

The absence of Scottish characters is a noticeable feature in the works of Charles Dickens. No novelist of the present day has abstained so regularly from sketching Scottish men and women.

A young lady at Long Branch says she always takes a piece of soap into the water with her, so that if the undertow should be too strong, she would be able to wash herself ashore.

About fifteen hundred volumes of one thousand pages each will be required by the census collectors to contain the names of the inhabitants of this country.

A telegram, dated after the massacre of the Catholic missionaries at Tien-Tsin, in China, from Rev. W. M. Hall, says that no Protestant missionary has been molested.

In 1800, there were not one hundred native Protestants in all India and Burmah. Now there are not far from eighty thousand church-members.

It is estimated that America, when her productive power is fully developed, will be able to feed four times as many persons as there are now on the face of the earth.

An old man is easier robbed than a young one, for his locks are few, and his wit is generally broken.

According to Gladstone, the wealth of England increases five hundred million dollars every year.

At the White Mountains, this season, the list of tourists has not been as large as on previous years.

Very beautiful ear-rings are made of the heads of Brazilian humming-birds set in a large rim of bright gold.

Pigs are doctored the wrong way round—killed first and cured afterward.

A London journal advertises an air pillow, which weighs but two ounces, and, when uninflated, can be packed in a note-envelope.

The Prince of Wales is going to India next year—probably to see the elephant in his native wilds.

The announcement is made from Washington that "the Commissioner of Agriculture has gone into the country to see how it looks."

Some New-York thieves stole four bo-constrictors from a schooner, after quieting the captain with chloroform.

"Bury me in a Pompadour waist, cut biased," was the last request of a Vicksburg lady.

It is not a very good definition of a coffin to call it the house that a man lives in when he is dead.

The Southern planters are going to make an effort to colonize English sparrows in the cotton-growing sections of the country.

Thieves in camp.—We hear that a sentry in the Prussian army was recently relieved of his watch in the middle of the night.

The Mexican Academy of Fine Arts has presented Mr. Seward two fine oil-paintings, in commemoration of his visit to its galleries.

A Texan naturalist claims to have discovered a native silk-worm, which is superior to that of Japan.

The average salary paid to Methodist clergymen in Vermont is estimated to be six hundred dollars.

London expects to have three million seven hundred and fifty thousand population next year.

Ladies at the sea-shore, who wish to prove that their hair is their own, wear it braided or hanging loose down their backs.

The sun contains eight hundred times as much matter as all the other bodies of the solar system.

There is a Piousville in New-York State. That is probably where the pious villains come from.

What's the difference between a chilly man and a hot dog?—One wears a great-coat and the other pants.

An individual at Bangor declares that "it's working between meals that's killing him."

The United States now have about forty-five thousand miles of railroad.

Men born blind can't be carpenters, because they never saw.

The average salary of the clergymen in New Hampshire is three hundred and fifty dollars.

Eight cents is all the doctor's fee the law allows in China.

The horses killed in battle are served to the French soldiers as meat-rations.

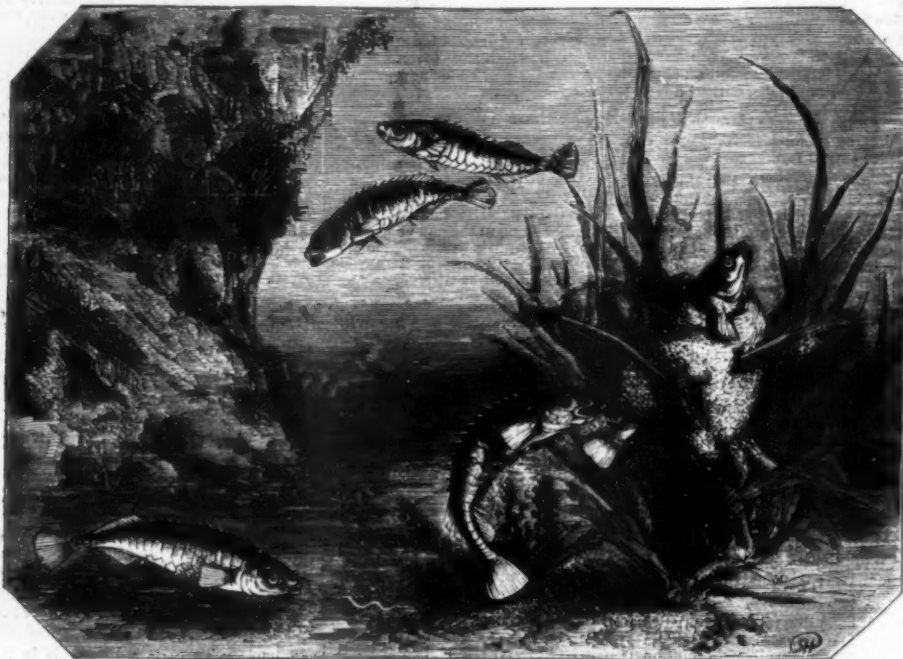
The Museum.

THE Stickleback is one of the smallest of fresh-water fishes. It is a bold, lively little creature, scarcely knowing fear, and pugnacious to an absurd degree. It is very voracious, and so fearless that it is easily caught by the most inexperienced angler. The most interesting fact connected with the stickleback is, that it builds nests for the protection of its young. Although Aristotle asserted that some species of fish made nests for the reception of their spawn, the fact was not generally accepted by naturalists until within the last thirty years. The stickleback breeds in summer, and may be conveniently watched in an aquarium, making and guarding its nest, and protecting the young fry. The nest is made of delicate vegetable fibres, matted into an irregular circular mass, cemented by mucus

from the body, and an inch or more in diameter. The male is the bullder, and, when the nest is prepared, the female is enticed, or driven in, and there deposits her eggs, which are fecundated by the male. The latter remains constantly on guard, swimming in the neighborhood, and driving away intruders with great ferocity, frequently putting in its head to

see if all is right, and fanning the water with the pectoral and caudal fins, to secure free circulation and ventilation for the eggs. It is frequently seen shaking up the eggs, and carrying away impurities in its mouth. The young are hatched in two or three weeks; if any of the small fry get outside of the nest, they are instantly seized in the mouth of the

parent, and put back; there are about forty young to a nest. This fish takes as good care of its young as does the hen of her chickens. It is the most combative of creatures, especially during the breeding-season, when every adult stickleback challenges every other of his own sex, and they do little but fight from morning till night.



Stickleback-Nest.

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NOTICE.

"RALPH THE HEIR," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, is now publishing in APPLETONS' JOURNAL. It appears in *Supplements*, once a month, the first issued being with No. 43, and has been continued in supplements accompanying Nos. 46, 50, 54, 59, 63, 67, 72, and 76.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," by CHARLES DICKENS, is also now publishing in this JOURNAL, each monthly part, as published in England, issued with one number of the JOURNAL complete. Part First appeared with Journal No. 56; Part Second with No. 61; Part Third with No. 65; Part Fourth with No. 70; Part Fifth with No. 74.

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